Horticultural Society

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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## Editorial.

### NOVEMBER ON THE FARM.

After the many pleasant days of the past month, farmers are to blame if their crops are not mostly secured. But farmers' work, like women's, is never done. Each month brings its peculiar labors, and November is no exception. It would seem that after the labors of the harvest season there should be a little breathing spell for the producer; but now comes the preparation for winter. The barns and cellars may be full to overflowing—thanks to a kind Providence, this is the case this year—but with the advent of cold weather comes the foddering out of these accumulated stores, a slower process than the harvesting, but one that keeps the farmer busy hour in these short days.

"Doing chores" is an expression that conveys to the outsider an idea of light work; and it is light in comparison with pitching hay with a thunder-storm approaching and stimulating every nerve, but "it is work that has one to the cow's tail," as a farmer once put it.

The care of a large stock is no sinecure. It requires tact and wisdom to carry a large herd of cows or a large flock of sheep through the winter with economy and thrift; and whether it is done successfully or not depends much upon the system established in November. Nothing well begun is half done," a proverb particularly applicable to the wintering of stock. Many farmers put off fodering cows and sheep till the middle or latter part of November, thinking economical to let them pick up a living in the pastures and meadows; but the practice is ruinous to both stock and land. There is little virtue in grass after it has been frozen and thawed half a dozen times. It is far better to leave whatever aftermath there is after the first of this month as a protection to the grass roots. Cattle may live on the frozen, boggy stuff, but the damage to the land more than counterbalances the benefit to the stock. It is poor policy to let cows run down in the fall, as they surely will if left out in the fields these cold, windy days, with only such food as frozen grass affords. Cows, and indeed all kinds of stock, should enter upon the winter in good heart. It is easy to let them run down, it is not so easy to build them up again. Farmers should remember that cold makes large drafts on animal fat. The heat of the body must be kept up to 98 deg. (blood heat) and if the food is insufficient for this, then the carbon, stored away in the body in the form of fat, is consumed as fuel.

This leads us to say that one of the important duties of November is the *repairing* of buildings, and especially stables, so that the stock may be kept warm and comfortable. Warmth saves much food, but warmth alone is not sufficient. In order to be thrifty, stock must be made comfortable. To compel them to lie on hard planks, and worse still, in their excrement, is poor economy if it is not cruelty. Dumb beasts may not be as sensitive to filth as are their masters, but they are all naturally neat and love comfortable quarters. Even the hog, proverbial for wallowing in the mire, knows and appreciates comfort. He wallows, not because he likes mire, but being a fat animal he wants to keep cool of a hot day. Allowed to roam he makes a clean, comfortable bed of leaves for himself, and when shut up in a pen three feet by three if allowed a suit of apartments scarcely three, a dining room, a bedroom, and a water closet. If any farmer will furnish his porkers with these, he will find that they know their design, and will use them for the purpose designed, keeping their bedroom about as neat as do some human kind.

November is emphatically the month for fattening *beef and pork*, especially the latter. A barrel of pork will make more meat now than in July or January, as in July much of it passes off in heating and perspiration, and in January much is used in keeping up the animal heat. Flies, also, which are tormented cattle in the summer and early autumn are now gone. Fighting flies will eat about as much flesh as does moderate work, as a fly bite is so irritating to the nerves, but in these November days fattening stock have nothing to do but eat, sleep and take their comfort. Feed them regularly and liberally, but not profusely so as to get their stomachs cloyed and disordered, and they will put on fat rapidly. It should always be remembered that an animal, just as does his master, likes a little variety in its food. The ox tires of meal just as man does of roast beef. A few apples or beets will prove a good appetizer and keep the stomach from being dyspeptic.

November, however, brings other work than chores. *The ditches should all be ex*amined, and if clogged up should be opened. Leaves should be gathered and stored away for bedding stock. They make good beds and better manure. It takes a great many to make a little pile, but they are rich in saline matter and are a better fertiliser than is commonly supposed. Taking into account the double purpose of bedding and fertilizing, we are satisfied that it pays to harvest a good crop of leaves. Ploughing may also be done in November. Some object to ploughing in the fall as the winds scatter some of the fine soil, but there is not half so much blown away as is commonly thought. A little dirt on white snow makes a great display. It may not be best to plough sandy soil, especially in an exposed situation, in the fall, but the ameliorating influence of frost and air on a clay loam, will compensate fourfold for all the loss by winds. The teams also are now at leisure and in good heart for ploughing.

### WINTER RYE AND WHEAT.

In many portions of New England one of the surest and most profitable crops for the large farmer to grow is winter rye. It is a crop which requires but little labor, and does not exhaust the soil to the extent that many crops do.

Fifty years ago it was the custom among farmers on the Atlantic coast to sow winter rye the last time of hoeing Indian corn; but this practice has been almost if not entirely abandoned. Our grandfathers hoed their corn the last time much later than we do, oftentimes hoeing after the corn was nearly all topped out. About thirty years ago, for reasons not yet satisfactorily explained, rye that was sown the middle or last of July, or even the first of August, after growing a few weeks luxuriantly, blasted, the leaves turning a rusty color, and finally dying, but it was found that if sown later in the season it escaped the rust, and good crops could be secured. This led many farmers to abandon sowing rye at the last hoeing of Indian corn, and if rye was to be sowed on corn land at all, it was sown after the corn had been cut up. As this brought the sowing quite late in the season, many abandoned the crop altogether; but experience proves that good crops of winter rye can be obtained by sowing as late as the last of October or even the first of November. It has also been found that the crop on corn land will be much larger if the land is ploughed about four inches deep than it would be if sown and harrowed or hoed in, whether early or late in the season; it grows best where the soil is light and well pulverized.

Good corn land is naturally good rye land; in heavy wet soils it is very likely to be winter killed; therefore in selecting locations for this crop, it is best to avoid very wet land or places where the water stands during a portion of the winter or spring. We are satisfied that shallow ploughing is best for rye, the stocks growing more vigorously and yielding more grain.

There is a great choice in seed, and every farmer who raises this crop should first purchase the very best seed he can find in the market; this he should every year improve upon as much as possible; first by selecting the longest and heaviest heads, and afterwards by striking the sheaves slightly over an open barrel, or open box, thus securing the largest and best kernels. By selecting seed a few years in this way it will be found that the crop, with the same treatment, will be very much increased, and the grain of a better quality. As but little effort has been made to improve the varieties of winter rye there is a very promising field open for the intelligent farmer to work in. Farmers are beginning to realize that it is as important to improve varieties of grain, as it is breeds of animals; and they are also beginning to learn that it is quite as easy to do so.

The time is coming when we shall be as careful to prevent our grains from being crossed by undesirable varieties, as we now are not to have our animals crossed by undesirable breeds. In the vicinity of cities and manufacturing villages there is always a ready sale for rye straw at a price which is frequently equal to that of good English hay. In such localities the profits of a crop of rye are large; for the straw will frequently pay all of the expense of the crop, leaving the grain a clear profit.

Land may be kept in rye year after year, without exhausting it, as many other crops do; in fact when the stubble was left high by hand reaping, we have known good crops grow on the same land several years in succession without manure after the first year and yet the crop did not diminish. Undoubtedly the land keeps up better on account of the fact that it is kept well covered with vegetation during the entire year. If sown in September the grain is soon up and the ground well covered with a growing crop, and during the autumn and winter, it improves every warm day to draw richness from the surrounding atmosphere; during the spring and summer it is all the time gathering from the air the materials necessary for its growth, and when harvested there is much left on the land to gather richness, which when ploughed under adds to the soil such materials as the new crop needs.

While we would not recommend raising crops year after year without manure, we are fully convinced that this is a crop that can be grown several years in succession, on the same land, without heavy manuring, and yet secure good crops; land in good condition, to start with, we think can be kept up with the application of three cords of stable manure per acre, each year.

Winter wheat is a crop that does not seem to flourish on the soil of Massachusetts, especially in the vicinity of the sea coast; just the reason why has not yet been fully explained; some say our soil has become exhausted of the materials necessary for the growth of the crop; but for almost every other crop we are able to feed the soil up to a condition so as to get even larger crops than our grandfathers were able to; but when we come to wheat we fail to find fertilizers that will produce good crops of either winter or spring wheat. Winter wheat very often winter kills, and both winter and spring wheat rusts, and the grain blasts very frequently, so if the farmer is fortunate enough to get a good growth of straw and is thus encouraged to believe that he shall get a good crop of grain he is often disappointed; on harvesting he finds the grain so small that it is hardly worth threshing.

In the Connecticut valley on tobacco land good crops of wheat are frequently grown; but nearer the sea coast in this State, a good yield of wheat is of rare occurrence. There are undoubtedly some places in New England where wheat growing may be desirable, but as a rule we think the farmers of New England had better turn their attention to growing crops that seem to be better adapted to the climate, and the soil. The same time and material spent on a crop of Indian corn or winter rye would undoubtedly secure two or three times as much profit as it would on a crop of either winter or spring wheat.

☞ Force fattening hogs along as fast as possible. There is nothing gained in waiting till cold weather to fatten swine. Feed all they will eat clean at all times. If they are to be kept for the spring market, they will go on increasing in weight all winter. As soon as you find your swine have gained their minimum weight, sell. It will not pay to keep stock simply that they may hold their own.—*Prairie Farmer.*

## Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

### WHAT AILS THE COW?

*Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:*

I should like to have you inform me, through the *Ploughman*, what ails my cow and what to do for her. *Symptoms.* She has lost flesh for about two weeks; she has run in common pasture, been fed night and morning with fresh cut rowen, she eats well, sweats at the nose a little; she dried up all at once; has not given a drop of milk for four days; bag not swollen at all, to all appearance a dry cow; age two years; three-fourths Jersey.

Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER.
*Williamstown, Oct.* 21*st*, 1879.

There is evidently some irregularity in the digestive organs, what it is, without knowing more of the symptoms than are described, we cannot determine. It is apparently one of the cases, which in the early stage requires a cathartic (a pound of Epsom salts with an ounce of ginger,) to be followed by a bitter tonic, two ounces of powdered gentian divided into eight doses, one to be given morning and night in feed. —[ED.

### CRANBERRY CULTURE.

*Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Will you please inform me through the *Ploughman*, if cranberries will do well under eight feet of water; will they live under it? and will they do well set out in the fall? if so, will it do to cover the young settings with this eight feet of water? also, can I sow them to get these young settings, or can I plant the berries this fall and not have them rot, but come up well after lying under this depth of water through the winter?

Can you also inform me who is the best author on cranberry culture? and greatly oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.
*Hamden, Mass., Oct.* 21*st*, 1879.

We should think that the depth of water named would be too great. The berries can be planted this fall, although it is now rather late. Eastman's Book on the Cranberry is recommended.—[ED.

### A NEW SEEDLING APPLE.

We have received a specimen of a new seedling apple from Mr. David Mead, Postmaster at Danvers Port, Mass., which differs in quality and appearance from most other sweet apples. Mr. Mead says, "a few of the apples have a watery core, but most of them are very fine in flavor. This is the third year of the fruit of the tree. The tree sprung up in a very unfavorable place, standing in the pathway and shaded, and no care was taken to preserve it." From the sample of the fruit before us, we think it worth propagating.

## Horticulture.

### GRAFTING GRAPE VINES.

[Germantown Telegraph.]

Those who wish to graft their vines with other vines should remember that Winter and not Spring is the time for it—and in this the grape is different from most other trees. It is different in this, that in the Spring of the year there is such a tremendous pressure upwards by the ascending sap that the parts of the scion and stock which to unite must of course touch one another are forced by the sap apart. When the grafts are put in at this season there is little of this. The severed cells granulate and heal, and when the sap is ready to flow upward strongly, it goes up through its regular channels in the graft without any tendency to break out through the junction.

How to graft grape vines admits of many various replies. The best is probably that described years ago in our pages by Samuel Miller, then of Lebanon, in this State, now of Missouri, who was very successful as a grafter of the grape. He drew away the soil from the stock to be grafted, cut it down about two inches from the surface, then cut with a stout sharp knife a long and narrow wedge-shaped notch in the stock, and shaped the scion as a wedge to fit in the notch in the stock. The lips of the notch are then tied together and the earth drawn in around the whole, leaving the upper eye of the graft above the ground.

We may say that it is very astonishing that grape grafting is not more generally practiced, and especially since the discovery that the great success of the Concord, Clinton and a few other grapes is not owing to any extra constitutional hardiness, but to the fact that the power to throw out numerous fibrous roots is greater in these kinds. If this be true, and it seems to be really the case, we may have the choicest and best of grapes by grafting them on these vigorous rooting stocks.

For once the French seem to have taken a start ahead of us in this matter. They sent an agent to this country some years ago—a shrewd observing fellow—and he took in the whole situation at once. The result has been that millions on millions of Concord and Clinton cuttings have been sent to France the past five or six years, and in future wines of that country may be brought to a higher grade of perfection than ever before.

## The Apiary.

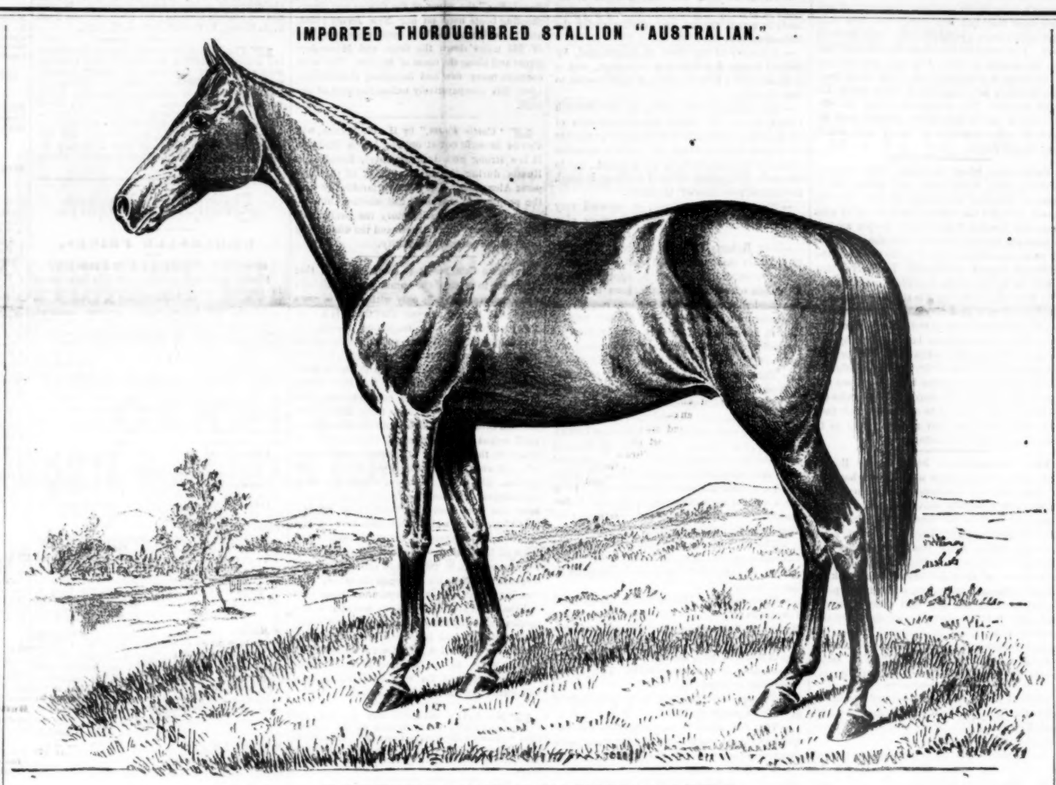
### PROFITS FROM BEES.

Mr. G. M. Doolittle, the well-known bee-keeper of Borodino, N. Y., in an article to the *American Bee Journal*, says: Perhaps it may be interesting to the readers to know how our report stands for the past seven years, for it is only by a number of years experience in any business that a true result as regards profit and loss can be obtained. Our average yield for each colony in the spring of 1873, was 80 pounds; in 1874, a fraction of pound less than 100; in 1875, a little over 106; in 1876, just 50; in 1877, a little less than 167; 1878, 71; and in 1870—the present season—58 pounds, making an average yield of a little over 90 pounds per colony for the term of seven years. By looking over our diary we ascertain that our honey has sold at an average price of 21 1-4 cents per pound, the highest price having been obtained (28 1-2c.) in 1874, and the lowest (10 3-4c.) 1878.

From past experience, we believe a thorough practical workingman can do all the work required to be done with 100 colonies of bees, and from the above he should obtain for an average term of years, 6,000 pounds of honey annually, which at 21 1-4c. per pound would bring him a yearly income of $1,912 50. Although the average yield per colony for seven years to come, may be increased, yet the price during that time is likely to be lower, as the high prices caused by the war are passed, and unless we have some unforeseen event to raise the price of honey, it will probably never bring 28 cents per pound again. Still, with a much lower price for honey than that averaged for the last seven years, bee-keeping ranks favorably with almost any other pursuit.

☞ Australia is being supplied with apples from California.

### IMPORTED THOROUGHBRED STALLION "AUSTRALIAN."



Died at Woodburn Stud, Ky., October, 15 1879, in his 23d Year.

The last severe stroke to thoroughbred interests falls to Kentucky, in the death of imp. Australian, who, since Lexington's death, has been at the head of the stud in that State. He was bred by Mr. W. E. Dunscombe, in England, foaled in 1858, got by West Australian, the incomparable racehorse who won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, and was admitted a horse of far more merit than any other which had appeared in England since the phenomenal Plenipotentiary so completely paralyzed opposition in the spring of 1834, although that was the year of both Touchstone and Glencoe.

Australian was imported at his mother's feet, as a yearling, by Mr. A. Keene Richards, of Blue Grass Park, Georgetown, Ky., and was trained and run by him. Australian was a rich, dark chestnut, without distinguishing natural marks, and was barely 15.1 hands high, but he was very bloodlike, especially about the head and neck. His head was neat and bony, his neck strong and muscular, his eyes prominent, his jaws large, his throttle roomy, and altogether he was a well-developed horse in front. His shoulders were both well set and well inclined, while his saddle piece was particularly admired by all horsemen. His back was good, his loin well muscled as well as formed for strength, and his hips were angular, and indicated great leverage and strength. His stifles played clear of the flanks, which were deep and full. His hocks and limbs were clean, and his feet sound. He had the form, shape and size of a horse of remarkable usefulness, which, with his fine breeding, made him one of the finest stallions ever in America.

We are indebted to that excellent publication, the New York *Spirit of the Times*, for the use of the above illustration.

## The Poultry Interest.

### HANDLING FOWLS.

[Country Gentleman.]

It is a conceded fact that atmospheric changes exercise a detrimental effect on all kinds of poultry. Too sudden change from heat to cold results in roup, catarrh and canker. A corresponding change from cold to heat depresses the system, and brings on weakness. There is perhaps no one phase of weather so ruinous to fowls as the presence of constant dampness. This brings on rheumatism, and consequent contraction of the tendons. Fowls, at all times of the year court the sunshine, and bathe themselves in its genial rays, even at certain parts of the hottest day. They also seek the shade before heat overcomes them. They require both shade and sun alternately, and they cannot endure constant shade or constant sun. Even water birds repose on the dryest knolls within reach, and bask in the rays of the morning sun. All quarters that are damp at night should be strictly avoided. If left to themselves, the fowls, as a general rule, will desert them. It is often necessary, where a few fowls are kept (and these are choice ones), to remove the birds by hand, as occasion requires. In doing so, care should be regarded as to the manner of catching. Few persons know how to secure a bird to advantage. Never seize a bird by the tail, if a fine bird, or touch the back, but grasp both legs at once with a firm, tight, quick hold, then raise free from the ground or perch, and hang the body down clear of any obstacle. This method does not ruffle the plumage, or turn a feather, which in a fine bird must be avoided. When the web of the feathers is once broken, it can never be united again, and where much handled this often occurs, giving to the bird a ragged appearance. It is the source of much annoyance to a nice, clean, smooth bird, to have the plumage ruffled. Their bodily covering is regarded with the utmost care, and the lustre and beauty of it indicate the health and strength of the fowl.

If a fowl is tucked up under the arm, the wing bows suffer in the carriage from contact with the rough or harsh texture of apparel worn by the carrier, and it robs the feather of their pure velvety texture, as well as breaking the web and turning the feathers wrong side out. The eye of the fowl soon passes over the whole covering, from the tip of the tail to the extreme of the hackle, and any disorder causes an anxiety that is not relieved until the whole is satisfactorily arranged. It is unpleasant to observe some persons when handling these pretty creatures, they show such carelessness in their touch. In trying to catch fowls we must exercise caution, confidence and restraint at the same time; advancing by slow degrees, inviting trust at each step. In this manner the wildest bird may be captured without fright or injury. When the fowl is once caught, use care in the handling, acting on the fact that you have in your grasp a nervous, sensitive creature, full of feeling and fear. Let the touch be careful and the hand light, remembering that the comb and wattles are not accustomed to the rude touch of curious fingers, neither are the limbs and feathers. Birds that have been reared tame and gentle from the shell do not mind this much if the hand is kind and amiable, and this it must be, or the chick will not thrive as it grows up. There is a handling of birds from their youth upward so that they do not fear the touch of the hand.

### THE WHEAT WEEVIL.

[Farm and Live Stock Journal.]

After wheat has passed safely through all the perils of the harvest and escaped the ravages of insects that wage war on the growing plant, a danger is not infrequently in store for it when it has been deposited in the bins. This danger makes itself apparent by a minute white dust spread over the grain and a peculiar odor that permeates the bins. On passing a kernel between the fingers it crushes readily, exposing a mere shell partially filled with dust in place of a round, plump grain.

The little black beetles that laid in wait during the winter months come out from their hiding places in myriads with the return of warm weather. The female makes a minute incision in the grain and therein deposits an egg. As each female lays an innumerable number of eggs and the insects do not hesitate to penetrate the heap of grain in all directions, but few grains escape. The eggs deposited soon hatch out maggots which bore into and consume the starch of the grain. By the time these pests are grown the grain is nearly or quite exhausted; the worms go into a pupa state and in a few weeks become weevils, which force their way out of the grain and seek some hiding place for the winter.

## The Sheepfold.

### COTSWOLDS AND COTSWOLD CROSSES.

[Country Gentleman.]

Mr. Joseph Harris of Rochester, has lately published a catalogue in which he gives his views of Cotswold sheep in the following terms:

The sheep are thoroughly acclimated. They have not been *forced*; they are kept for use—for real value, and not for show. They are not housed in winter; they have sheds to run under, but spend most of the time in the open air. If well fed, and provided with dry quarters under foot, there is no sheep that will stand exposure to our cold winters better than the Cotswolds. The ewes are good breeders and good nurses. They frequently have two strong lambs and occasionally three at a birth. I have never had a pure-bred Cotswold ewe in the flock that would not breed. We let the ewes have their first lambs when two years old, and they frequently continue to be good breeders till ten years old. The Cotswolds are the hardiest of all the English breeds of sheep. Of all well established breeds the Cotswolds are the *largest*. The celebrated experiments of Lawes & Gilbert, proved beyond all question that the Cotswolds produced *more mutton and more wool* than any other breed. In other words they gain more rapidly, both in fleece and carcass than any other breed. And not only this, but they gained more *in proportion to the food consumed* than any other breed.

Mr. Harris' experience in crossing Cotswold rams on ordinary Merino ewes has heretofore been frequently referred to in these columns, especially in connection with notices of the cross-breeds exhibited by him at several shows of the State Agricultural Society. On this subject he remarks:

"I am decidedly of the opinion that the 'coming sheep' of the country will be what I will take the liberty to call 'American Cotswolds.' I have hitherto called these sheep 'Cotswold Merinos.' This designates their origin. But the time has now arrived, when the name loses its significance. For instance, I have Cotswold Merino lambs with three and four crosses of pure Cotswold blood in them. In other words these lambs have 93 3-4 per cent. of pure Cotswold blood in them, and only 6 1-4 per cent. of the native or Merino sheep. The next cross will have only 3 1-8 per cent. of native or Merino blood, and the next only a little over 1 1-2 per cent.

In a few years hence, American Cotswold sheep will be shipped by thousands and tens of thousands every week to the English markets. There is no reason why they are not now shipped in large numbers, except—the fact that they cannot be found. We do not raise enough of them or feed them well enough. Our beef cattle are better than our mutton sheep. The intelligence and skill of the American sheep breeder has been largely directed to the perfection of the Merino sheep. Wool and yolk have been the objects aimed at, and great success has attended their efforts. There are no better fine-wooled sheep in the world to-day, than can be found in the United States. There are many sections where Merinos are the most profitable breed of sheep to keep. But railroads and steamboats lead to rapid and wonderful changes. There was a time when I thought Cotswold or mutton sheep could not be raised with profit in the far West. I thought it was too far from market, but, if cattle can be raised and shipped with profit to England, long wooled mutton sheep can be raised and shipped with still greater profit.

EXPERIMENTS WITH COTSWOLD MERINOS.

In the autumn of 1860, I went to the cattle yards in Buffalo. I bought a lot of common Merino sheep that were brought in from Michigan. They were intended for the butchers. I did not select them. I took the whole lot of 295 sheep. I gave three cents per pound for them live weight. On running them on the scales they averaged exactly 80 pounds each, so that the sheep cost me $2,40 per head in Buffalo. I put them in the cars and brought them home. I selected out 145 wethers to fat. The remaining 60 ewes I put to a pure-bred Mapleshade Cotswold ram.

These rams were fed well during the winter, and in the spring produced 73 lambs, and we raised 72 of them. Stronger, healthier and thriftier lambs could not be desired. I had feared that by using a large Cotswold ram on such small ewes, we should have trouble on lambing. I have been told "you can use a small South-Down ram on Merino ewes, but the Cotswolds are too large. The cross is too violent." I may say, however, that not only the first year, but in all my subsequent experience, there has never been the least difficulty. One reason for this is, that a well-bred Cotswold, though such a large sheep, has a remarkable small head. It is very narrow between the eyes.

The ram lambs I sold to the butchers at a good price. The ewe lambs I kept to breed from. And the next fall twelve months, when about eighteen months old, I put these one-cross Cotswold-Merino ewes to a pure bred Cotswold-Merino ram. These *second-cross* lambs were large, strong and healthy. We had no trouble in lambing, and the ewes were capital mothers. These second-cross lambs, when about eighteen months old, were bred to a pure-bred Cotswold ram. Many farmers told me that I was carrying the thing too far. *But it is not so.* The lambs from these two cross ewes were remarkably good, many of them as large and handsome as the best pure-bred Cotswolds I ever saw. The third and fourth crosses were equally good. The wool from one of these Cotswold-Merinos, or American Cotswolds, brings a higher price than the wool from the pure-bred Cotswolds, and the mutton is of finer grain and of better quality. A one-cross ewe (No. 9) we butchered the next winter after she had raised her lamb, No. 481. She was two years old and coming three. She weighed alive 186 pounds. Inside fat, exclusive of kidney fat, weighed 17 pounds; pelt, 20 pounds; carcass, 146 pounds. I do not want better mutton; it was juicy, tender and high flavored. This ewe was taken from the breeding flock, and had received nothing more than our ordinary winter feed. It would have been easy to have made her fatter and heavier. Now, when such sheep can be obtained from common Merino ewes, and a pure-bred Cotswold ram, why cannot we supply ourselves and the world with good mutton?"

## Horticulture

### ASPARAGUS.

[Vick's Magazine.]

There can be no better time than the present to make asparagus beds. Deep spading or ploughing, and working in a good body of well rotted manure upon a piece of well drained soil are the essential preparations for the crop. Good, strong plants, one or two years old, should be procured, and of a good variety. Conover's Colossal is the best, and we advise it in preference to any other now in the market. There is a great difference in practice about the distance apart the plants are set. For culture on a large scale by means of the horse-hoe or cultivator, three feet by two feet are not too great distances; but in the garden, where it is necessary to economize space, the plants may be set closer; if the cultivator is to be used, the rows may be three feet apart and the plants set one foot from each other in the rows; if the hoe and fork only are to be employed, they may be set as closely as one foot each way. To set the plants, a trench about eight inches wide and six inches deep should be dug along the line, and in this the plants carefully placed, so that the roots shall spread out freely in every direction; after this cover in the plants, being careful to work in soil that is fine about the roots; this last caution is hardly necessary, for it is supposed that the preparation given the soil is so thorough that every spadeful is fine and mellow. After planting, cover the ground with a dressing of old manure, but do not use fresh manure, as it nearly always contains more or less of weed seed ready to germinate in the spring.

### FEED NOW.

[From Prairie Farmer.]

All young stock, especially calves, colts and lambs should be carefully looked after, and not allowed to fall away in the least. The late rains have made pastures good. So long as the stock is growing all will be well; to keep them growing, they must have some feed at night, however good the pasture is at this season. Where oats are plenty, this is the best feed that can be given. If oats cost too much, light wheat may be given, or light wheat and corn may be ground together in equal proportions. Corn meal or bran is excellent, in the proportion of one bushel of bran or shorts to one bushel of meal. Feed grain lightly at first, and increase it gradually as the season advances, and all through the winter, and until grass is flush next spring, feed enough so that the young animals will continue to grow. This is the cheapest and best way to make good stock. It is poor economy to let stock grow thin in the winter with a view that they will make up for it next summer. They never do. It takes a given quantity of feed to make a pound of flesh. A certain portion of the feed given goes toward supporting the natural waste. If only enough is given, to support this waste, the farmer feeds for nothing. No farmer ever made money by starving young stock, nor in allowing more matured animals to lose the flesh gained in the summer during the next winter.

## The Horse.

### THE SADDLE HORSE ON THE FARM.

"The memory of man extendeth to the day," says the *Nashville American*, "when the boys on the farm were too proud to ride a fine young horse to church or to see the girls. He took pride in the colts, and taught them to move freely under the saddle, and above all, when the colt was broken he was taught to walk. Now the boys must have a fine buggy and harness, and the colt must show his style and speed all the time. The boy is in too great a hurry to allow the colt to walk. The colt, buggy and boy are soon a used up set, by fast driving. The whole business of buggy riding by farmers' boys is expensive, extravagant and demoralizing. Not one farmer in ten can afford such a turnout for the lad. Many of them buy a buggy and let it stand in the sun and storm. They are too poor to have a house for vehicles. Such men cannot afford the luxury of a buggy. If we could return to the fashion of riding more on horseback we would save millions to the farmers, and the boys and girls would develop better forms, and have better health. Any lazy lout can ride in a buggy, but to be a graceful rider on horseback, one must have some energy and get-up in his nature. There is life and health in riding on horseback. The whole system feels the invigorating effect of it. The rider and the horse catch the fire of sympathy and excitement in the run, or fast paces, and every nerve of the body is brought into healthful and invigorating play. The mania for trotting horses has been felt on every farm in the land. The country is full of road horses that some man or boy loves to pull the strings on. They are usually poor saddle horses, slow walkers and rough. We need a reform. The place to begin is in breeding a class of horses of good size, style and action, that can move freely in more than one gait. The English market is open for such horses. The well-knit horse of good style and action, suitable for the hunter or a carriage, will bring better prices than our average horse. The farmer will find it to his interest to raise a class of colts that the boys will like to ride. He can raise three or four fine saddle colts for what one buggy and harness will cost, and a fair saddle horse will bring more money than the average roadster."

### HEALTH OF HORSES.

[Journal of Chemistry.]

The health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the lofts is kept well above the horses heads and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers and elsewhere round the walls, and also by by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while, being introduced in moderate amount and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minimum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,509 feet, with a ground area of fully ninety square feet per horse, and the best hunting and carriage horses have more room.

### ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.

[Chatauqua Farmer.]

We would say that unleached wood ashes, used either alone as a top dressing or in connection with a compost, form a most valuable fertilizer for orchards, young or old. They are rich in potash, one of the elements most needed by fruit trees, and are worth forty cents per bushel for this purpose. Ashes being in a finely divided state, their valuable elements are in a very favorable condition for the action of the roots of plants, and for orchards they have a value fully equal to that of ground bone. To any orchadist who wishes to put his orchard in the best condition at least expense, there is no question but ashes are worth two or three times what soap factories are accustomed to pay for them.

☞ Inundations in Mexico have damaged the corn, cocoa and tobacco crops a million dollars.

☞ Within the past five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74,000,000 to 95,000,000.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

### SEWAGE MANURE.

#### Methods of Practical Utilization.

Enterprising farmers seek to save and utilize all waste animal and vegetable matter which, when applied to the soil, promotes the fertility and increases the productiveness thereof. The prompt removal of all such matter from the dwelling places of man is of the first sanitary importance, as it is a preservative of health. Hence, two strong reasons for the immediate removal and utilization of all waste organic matter that is incident to, and necessarily accumulates about human habitations. It is a noteworthy fact, that what is best for the land is the worse for the abodes of men and animals. No stronger reasons for the speedy discharge of all fetid matters from human dwelling places can be conceived than those two stated above, namely the promotion of health and of the increased fertility of the soil.

That sewage manure may, under certain conditions, be applied to the land for agricultural use so as to be the best method of disposing of it cannot be doubted, for it has been successfully done by many cities.

In Birmingham, England, the liquid sewage direct from the mains has been used for several years as an irrigator on about sixty acres of meadow near the outlet, twice a year, one of the farmers paying fourteen shillings per acre for the use of it. Farmers using it get more grass, and it comes to maturity a fortnight earlier than that of their neighbors who do not use it. The tendency to use it increases. Thus may sewage, when the conditions favor it, be used as a valuable fertilizer, its removal as a nuisance can be made to promote the growth of remunerative farm crops, and in this way increase the production of food and promote health.

Irrigation is nearly as old as the history of man. The waters of the Nile irrigated the lands of Egypt from time immorial and continue to do so down to the present time, with no signs of soil exhaustion. In Ceylon and in Central India, are reservoirs, tanks and conduits, used before the Christian Era. In Piedmont 1,500,000 acres are under irrigation; the volume of water at command is stated to be 8290 cubic feet per second, conveyed through 1200 lineal miles of canals and distributed by numerous open surface carriers and irrigating channels; the volume of water passed on to and over the irrigated land, varies from 5000 to 12,000 tons per acre per annum.

In Lombardy vast areas of land are under irrigation—in round numbers some 9350 square miles or 6,000,000 acres. The volume of lake, river and spring water at command is estimated at 30,730 cubic feet per second, one hundred times the estimated volume of sewage flowing from the entire metropolitan area, city of London, says R. Rawlinson to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science in Great Britain. In the Valley of the Thames are 3,500,000 acres, and the dry weather flow of the Thames is about 1000 cubic feet per second, so it appears that a volume of water equal to 30 times the dry weather flow of the Thames is used for irrigation in Lombardy. A sewage farm under irrigation should be a dairy farm. Sewage irrigation must be better even than that of the river Nile, when it can be done. Below Edinburgh some of the land has been irrigated more than 200 years without diminution of crops. Land is the proper place for liquid sewage, and it should thus be utilized.

Liebig, Lawes, Way, Gilbert, Hoffman and others give sewage a money value of from 1-2*d.* to 2*d.* per ton of fluid. Where irrigation, surface irrigation by gravity can be done as it may be in some cities, it should be done for the promotion of agriculture and to prevent the corrupting of running streams and rivers, lakes and ponds. It may be economy, where necessary, to use the steam engine, in order to raise this sewage waste for utilization; if not for the sake of economy, it may be the best way for some cities to discharge sewage. Sewage is injurious to all rivers out of which it is necessary to use water for domestic purposes; also if it be desirable to preserve the fish, sewage must be kept out of the water where fish otherwise would breed. It is stated that 180,000,000 tons of sewage are discharged from London, north of the Thames; this at 2*d.* a ton would amount to £1,000,000 sterling, an enormous sum to waste annually. It is less in Boston, but then the waste is enormous. Would it not be much better to utilize than to discharge it into the harbor? Irrigating with this commercial liquid, called sewage, and thus rendering it available for the use of vegetation is acting in harmony with the laws of nature. When properly applied, it is one of the best manures the farm can use.

Concerning the quantity of sewage per acre, the Earl of Essex stated from his own experience that "there seems to be no limit, provided the land be so porous as to allow it to permeate the soil (I mean for grass crops). I put on my Italian rye-grass about 60,000 gallons—*i. e.*, 270 tons per acre, after each cutting. Besides the summer watering, the ground was irrigated twice in the late autumn and winter, each time about the same quantity as stated above. The land was thus top-dressed five times in the summer and twice in the winter, making a total of about 2000 tons per acre." He raised a crop of mangold wurzels, transplanted, the first planting having been destroyed by the fly, and grew it by the application of sewage, on five acres at the rate of 43 tons per acre. A wheat crop with a dressing of sewage showed an increase of £2 6*s.* 6*d.* per acre, in value of the crop as compared with that grown without sewage. The advantage on both barley and oat crops was equally advantageous. He fed 34 bullocks from 7 acres all summer; on another season, 14 bullocks and 8 horses were fed from the same area; and the cattle fattened beautifully without any other food.

As to the sanitary effects, the Earl says, none of the men who work the tanks, engines, etc., complain of any bad effects whatever. Some people have grumbled about the smell of sewage, but he believed their complaints frivolous; although the smell may be at times a little unpleasant, it is quite innocuous.

Such is the testimony of one whose experience and observation have qualified him to speak of what he knows concerning the agricultural utilization of sewage.

The Chinese dispose of their sewage by bringing it directly in contact with the soil, with no ill effects from a sanitary point of view. Dr. F. J. Monat, C. B., of London, conducted some experiments and found that the water in human excreta, in proportion of 2875 lbs. to 89 lbs. of solids per thousand of the population. Having got rid of the water, the solids were subjected to destructive distillation, and he obtained from the residue an animal charcoal containing all the salts obtained from the sewage.

Rawlinson, C. E., C. B., of London, says that land was obtained at Rugby and portioned out in plots, where experiments went on with sewage irrigation for years. Analyses were made of the soil before irrigation and during irrigation; so of the sewage before it was applied and with the product of the land in every form. The grass was weighed and compared with that of land treated in the ordinary way. Cows and bullocks were purchased and fed in various proportions; the milk was measured from day to day, and analyzed; exhaustive experiments were thus made costing the government £8,000, and costing Mr. Lawes from £2,000 to £3,000 out of his own pocket, and the final result or conclusion reached was, that the proper place of sewage is the land; that sewage must be treated continuously as clockwork; that land cannot deal with it bene

per acre, besides two tons of straw; 60 tons per acre of mangolds; four tons of hay, besides feeding off the same land in the fall; 40 tons of rye-grass per acre in fine crops were cut, besides grazing after the fifth mowing; the return of 1871 was larger in every item named. For instance, 120 bushels of black oats per acre, and 63 tons of mangolds. These crops are the product of sewage-farming—the sewage being vomited out from sluices and worked into the soil, turned up to receive it, and thus becomes the vehicle of almost unlimited crops. Birmingham has a population of 400,000, and a sewage-farm of only 300 acres as an experiment. The storm-water from the roofs and streets should be separated from the sewage proper of the city. Undiluted sewage, where it is to be utilized, should be provided for. Thus in Birmingham is the sewage which was suffered for years to pollute the river Thames and the air, now beginning to be used for enriching the earth, the sewage being carried out on the gravitating principle, no machinery or steam being used, the fall being ample for the discharge of all the city sewage.

The sewage of the city of Boston must be nearly as great as that of Birmingham, and yet none of it is, so far as known to the writer, utilized since this spiking of the "Brighton Artillery." The sewage of London with a population of 4,000,000 people, says Alderman J. J. Mechi to the editor of the London *Times*, goes into the river Thames. "Many years ago," he adds, "Baron Liebig warned the people in the columns of the *Times* against this great wastefulness." Aldermen Mechi further says, "You are exhausting and impoverishing the early settled lands of America, and now being virgin soils of the West are undergoing a similar depletion. In fact the agricultural treasures of the States are consigned to our streams instead of our lands. Some idea of the vast loss sustained is proved by the fact that it costs Mr. Prout £2 3-4 per acre per annum for artificial manures to raise his crops. Our London population consumes the produce, probably, of 20,000 to 30,000 acres annually, which is more than the loss must be immense. I calculate it must take the annual produce of 20,000 acres to feed the Londoners a single day." Some idea may be gathered of the immense waste of fertility by one great city from this statement.

"But," concludes Alderman Mechi, "what has the land lost, and how much have the people paid for foreign food during those nine years—food which might have been raised at home? And this is only one of the great cities which are likewise sinning in this matter. I am frequently told by practical farmers that our land is gradually becoming poorer in productive power, despite the extensive use of artificial fertilizers, and no wonder it is so. "This loss of millions annually in the waste of sewage should be stopped," says Alderman Mechi, of Tip-tree Hall, Kelvedon, Essex.

These suggestions apply with equal force, as it regards the waste of sewage in the metropolis of New England as to London. Let this subject receive, as it deserves, more attention, both from the city governments and suburban farmers who have it in their power to utilize the sewage of cities now generally wasted and lost. L. W.

# The Ploughman.

## BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1879.

### PRIMARY EDUCATION.

There are rumors that the long missing balloon, the Pathfinder, in which Prof. Wise went up a month ago with a companion, has been seen at different altitudes above Illinois.

The statue of the patriot Sam Adams, which was ordered by the city, is to be cast in bronze, at Chicopee, and it is expected that it will be inaugurated on the 4th of July next.

It is stated that twenty millions of dollars are offered by German capitalists, to complete the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad from its present terminus in Indian Territory to the Pacific Ocean.

A Paris journal reports interviews with Italian statesmen of various shades of opinion, all of whom advocate an understanding between the Latin and Slavonic races, as an offset to the recent Austro-German alliance.

Yellow fever has deserted Memphis at last. The camp outside the city has just been broken up, and the people, forming in procession, marched to one of the churches, in which appropriate thanksgiving services were held.

A collision occurred on the Troy and Boston Railroad on Monday morning, between Hoosick Falls and Eagle Bridge; and on the following morning another one occurred, with a greater amount of damage. The destruction amounted to about $20,000.

The opening of the National Fair at Washington, D. C., on Tuesday morning last, was an excuse for an almost general suspension of business, the Fair grounds being occupied with no less than 15,000. A fore-mile procession marched through the principal streets of the city.

### A LOOK INTO THE MARKET.

There is an animation and buoyancy in the stock market that was not needed to testify to the prevalence of the same feeling in all departments of trade. Shares of almost every description—good, bad, and indifferent—are said, in slang phrase, to be "booming." Operators scarcely pause to inquire into the actual value of what they purchase, but buy at a venture, intending to put off their purchases at a profit upon somebody else. For weeks past the tide has been setting all one way. In the Boston market, railroad shares and bonds, such as have for some time been the favorite with our capitalists, have been bought and sold at a profit with great avidity. Since the price of ingot copper took an upward start however, the prices of the copper stocks have all felt a reviving influence. What could have been bought at a low figure in September would bring now a handsome profit, in many cases twice, thrice, and four times the purchase money.

But in spite of the greatly increased amount of the daily exchanges, due in great part to the increased use for money in speculation as well as in legitimate trade, money can be had here on much easier terms than in New York, where a stringent money market has become an experience of every few days. These daily exchanges of the banks at the Clearing House amount to ten millions of dollars and upwards. The greatest want of money in New York is on non-dividend stocks as collateral, and money lenders are becoming more and more averse to making advances on this kind of collateral.

All manufactured products and materials have gone up in price except print cloths, and their turn is surely coming. Holders of all kinds of goods are marking them up as fast and as far as they will bear it. In all kinds of building materials, too, prices are advancing steadily, so that to fill a contract for a house made three months or even one month ago would inevitably entail a loss upon the contractor. Paints, oils, lumber, nails, hardware, labor, and all the other constituent elements of a house are much higher than they were. And real estate is by no means left out of the account, either. All else really rests on that. The merchandise market in all its departments is active and buoyant, the legitimate demand being sufficient alone to establish its character.

A regard is felt and expressed that the institutions which have money all the time at command should become, however indirectly, a party to the encouragement of speculation in the necessaries of life; but it must be remembered that banks cannot, according to the rules of business, be expected to discriminate between one class of borrowers and another, the only condition being that they supply either satisfactory credit or collateral. For banks to dictate to their customers what use they shall make of their money would be preposterous. The evil will have to be cured in some other way. The market for manufactured goods for the season is rather quiet. The greater part of the fall trade from first hands is regarded as over. The sharpening of the weather is about the only thing that can give a start to the jobbing and retail trade, and that is not now very far off.

### THE COLD SEASON.

With the first of November it is always safe to say that the long term of cold weather has begun, which, directly and indirectly, and in one way or another, extends to the first of June,—a period of seven months. In fact, in our stern climatic rule it may be said that seven months of every year belong to Winter,—the other five being the property of Summer. Our Winters are boreal, and our Summers are tropical. Architects have not yet taken this important two fold fact into sufficiently serious consideration. The problem still remains to be solved, how to construct a dwelling so that these opposite extremes of weather shall be provided against and the comfort of its inmates always be secure.

But there are many strips of glad sunshiny weather to be met with all through the winter, from November to May. They are the more welcome from being surrounded by the rougher weather, and are haleyon spells in which both body and spirit delight. Our New England winter, say what we will against it, is a storehouse of improvement and enjoyment together. What would we be willing to exchange the long winter evenings for, around the table, in a warm and well-lighted room, with friends, recreation, or work to fill up the hours until bedtime? As the roughest rind generally contains the sweetest meat, so our cold winters contain pleasures with which no fleeting summer delights are worthy to be matched.

### THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

The past month is pronounced, with good reason, the anomaly among the months of the year. Close observers say they have not seen its equal in thirty years. September almost ended insect life, but the returning warmth of October restored to animation almost all forms of insects, and all through the month, and very nearly to its close, flies and mosquitoes were sufficiently abundant to be a nuisance. The weather has been a prolonged hot and dry spell, and the springs have been complained of everywhere for giving out. Winter wheat, it is asserted, has taken much hurt from the warm, dry term. Corn alone has been benefitted, having become very dry and hard, and when husking-time comes it is expected, at the West at least, to be as hard and dry as if dried by artificial process. On all sides we have read and heard of second sets of blossoms, sprouts, and growths. October has indeed been a remarkable month.

### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

In commenting upon the recent Michigan Central Railroad accident at Jackson, and analyzing the verdict of the coroner's jury which put the entire blame on three employes of the road, a prominent railway journal remarks that it would evidently be unjust to throw the entire burden of blame for this unfortunate and shocking disaster upon any single employe, or upon all the offending employes combined, notwithstanding their violation of rules. Nor would it either, it insists, be right to lay the blame upon the company for its inability or failure to provide every possible safeguard against the danger of infractions of its rules by the employes. It says that the exacting public requirements of the age have an influence in producing disasters which is too often overlooked.

The problem is, to reconcile ruinously low rates, incessant competition, superior travelling accommodations, and very high rates of speed, with absolute safety; and it is pronounced an impossibility. The adoption of the best-known safe-guards would involve an expenditure which comparatively few of the railway companies of this country are now able to make. And the journal quoted adds that "with the strongest incentives to avoid accidents to passengers, their outlays for such purposes are generally characterized by great liberality; but the severe financial pressure to which they are subjected too often compels the postponement of expensive improvements that would materially increase their existing provisions for safe travel." The public itself, then, has its large share of responsibility to bear for these accidents, for railroads would soon fall out of favor that sacrificed speed and comfort to safety.

**The Laying of Taxes.**—People, remarks the *Shipping List*, will pay cheerfully a large tax on luxuries when they would grumble at a small one on necessities. Hence it argues that the tax on tobacco and whiskey is less felt than the tax on almost any other article. Even if the price of these two articles were to be cheapened by reducing the tax, it would be an outrage on the first principles of economy to do so. It regards the reduction of the tobacco tax by the last Congress as a greater mistake than the reduction of the tariff on tea and coffee a few years ago. It threatens also a serious loss to the revenue. The advantage of the reduction of the tax on whiskey would not reach the consumer, for the profit of the retailer will be as enormous as before.

**Defaced and Destroyed Bonds.**—The Secretary of the Treasury has issued in the form of a circular the provisions of the revised statutes in regard to defaced and destroyed bonds, and lost registered bonds of the United States. Parties presenting claims, on account of coupon or registered bonds, w ich have been destroyed wholly or in part, or on account of lost registered bonds, are required to show—1st. the number, denomination, date of authorizing act, and series of each bond, whether coupon or registered, and, if registered, the name of the payee. Also, when registered, to state whether they have been assigned or not, previous to loss or destruction, and if so, by whom, and whether assigned in blank or not, and if to an individual, to give his name. 2d., the time and place of purchases, of whom purchased, and the consideration paid. 3d., the material facts and circumstances connected with the loss or destruction of the bonds.

**Breadstuffs Speculation.**—The spirit of speculation by no means limits itself to shares in the stock market, but seizes hold of anything and everything that has value and is therefore likely to go up. A leading New York paper says that there is no just ground for the recent advance in grain and breadstuffs, and that it is purely speculative. Flour has advanced some two dollars per barrel; wheat, six to ten cents per bushel; and this, too, so soon after the gathering of an unparalleled harvest. The export demand is large and steady, but by no means warrants such a sudden rise. It has really come to pass, says the commercial journal referred to, that a few large bold speculators can now dictate the price of flour and grain not only in this country but in Europe. Gambling in stocks and bonds it regards as a very different matter from putting up margins on wheat and flour, on account of the difference in the effects. An advance of two dollars a barrel on flour, that is purely speculative, introduces into thousands of households the most rigid economy, even where the living was scant enough before.

**Farming in England.**—The Speaker of the British House of Commons is a farmer on his estate at Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex. Not long since he made an address at a harvest home gathering, in which he remarked that the present has been the latest and longest harvest he ever remembered. Harvest work was not begun until August 19, and it is not yet completed. For above twenty years, he said, they had kept a record of the rainfall in the district, and he had found it to be larger this year than that of any year since they had kept a register. The only year which bears a parallel to it in any degree is 1860. Fourteen inches of rain fell this year during the months of June, July and August; and it is cited as a remarkable fact that about fourteen inches of rain also fell in 1860 during the same months. The speaker attributed the depression in agriculture to the weather, and regards all other obstacles as minor ones, which may be overcome.

**Eating the Shot in Game.**—Few persons probably think much about this matter, but it deserves thinking about, for all that. As the season is on for the shooting and eating of wild game, the London *Lancet* warns people against swallowing the lead which is oftentimes, though by no means always, lodged in the pellets of the birds and animals consumed. It observes that it may be worth while to remind consumers of wild game that although it is still uncertain how much mischief a shot may do when passed into the "intestines," it is nevertheless a fact that anomalous diseases have been set up by the presence of very small bodies which have become entangled in the folds of the mucous membrane. The most disastrous results have sometimes followed from such small causes. People who eat birds are simply asked to remember that they have been shot, and govern themselves as to what they swallow accordingly.

**The Drummers.**— Some of the Boston mercantile houses propose to modify the business of drumming for business as at present conducted, having become convinced that, while the amount of business has been greatly increased by it, the profits of trade have fallen away more than they ought. Some think of reducing the number of drummers in their employ, and to make a trial of circulars issued each week or whenever thought necessary, which is the practice followed in the five cent counter supply business. It is also thought that the sharp and wearing competition in business is due very largely to drummers, and employers are not disposed to continue to be satisfied with small profits when there is a larger demand for goods.

☞ Col. Daniel Needham delivered an address before the "Pittsfield Industrial Union," at Pittsfield, New Hamp shire, on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 23d.

The occasion was the second anniversary of the organization, which comprises a large body of the farmers and mechanics of Pittsfield and vicinity. The address was delivered in the open air to a large concourse of people, and was listened to with marked attention.

### CROP AND MARKET REPORTS.

[Country Gentleman.]

So much has been said about the wheat crop of Minnesota the present season that the official statistician of that State has published the figures arrived at after long correspondence. His report is as follows:—

"The actual acreage in wheat, as per returns to the State statistician, was 2,755,996 acres, an increase of about 400,000 acres over 1878. This increase was mainly in the northwestern portion of the State—that is, northwest of St. Paul. With this increase, and dividing the State on a line from St. Paul to the western boundary, and about two-thirds of the area lies east of the line, the result is:

"The acreage harvested in the east and west sections suffered largely from drouth immediately following seeding, and from extreme hot weather just when the berry was in milk, resulting in blight, more or less, according to the nature of the soil and the forwardness or backwardness of the grain. In this section, as divided, there were, in round numbers, about 1,837,330 acres in wheat. The yield varies greatly, going from 10 to 12 bushels along the Mississippi dropping to 8 to 9 back from the river, and 4 to 5 in the southwest, along the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad. The area in wheat in this latter portion was comparatively small, however, so that a fair average for this section is 9 bushels to the acre, giving an aggregate of 16,535,970 bushels. North and west of St. Paul the drouth was not so general in the spring, nor did the crop suffer so much by the drouth, the improvement increasing as you approached the frontier, though even here the yield falls short of what was expected at harvest. The division made gives to this section 918,965 acres. The estimated yield for this section is 13 1-2 bushels per acre, which gives a total of 12,402,476 bushels, and a grand aggregate for the State of 28,938,446 bushels. Of this amount, 7,500,000 bushels will be required for seed and bread, while the mills will require, if operated to their full capacity, 16,000,000 bushels, making the total to be retained in the State 23,500,000 bushels, and leaving but 5,438,446 bushels for export, if every surplus bushel should be withdrawn. The amount named as being required for seed will be reduced somewhat by the use of Northern Dakota grain, but not sufficiently to materially change the figures."

Cable advices state that in the week ending on the 18th inst., the weather had been more seasonable, but agricultural advices were still most discouraging. Reports of wheat and barley still shell show them deteriorating from sprouting, damp and discoloration. Turnips and potatoes were badly diseased. Hops were a total failure in many of the best districts in Kent. The wheat marketed was generally unfit for milling. Fine American reds, and such varieties of white wheat as could be used in the place of English wheat had been in fair request, but it was thought probable that Russian descriptions would shortly come in favor when the supplies of home-grown increase, as the condition of the new crop is sure to necessitate a large admixture of hard foreign wheat to render it suitable for milling. The further advance in prices which occurred last week was expected; and business was thought to rest upon a firm basis, though it was also thought that increased supplies of home-grown wheat would probably check the advance for a time. In Hungary there is no more wheat than is needed at home for seed and food. It is feared that the help which the Hungarian government proposes to afford the distressed agriculturists, will be too late to permit of autumn and winter sowing throughout the country. Thousands lack money with which to purchase food, as the tax-gatherers have seized all their possessions. Advices from Odessa to the 22d ult. state that wheat was active and advancing, with large purchases for Mediterranean ports, whence a steady demand was expected to be maintained.

The production of beet sugar is increasing in Germany, and will increase rapidly here if the present year's crop proves profitable. In several States parties are waiting to see how the Portland, Me., refinery succeeds, before putting up refineries—notably in Massachusetts and Maryland. According to the returns published by the Imperial Statistical Office of Berlin, the quantity of sugar of German manufacture, chiefly of the sugar beet, which was exported from Germany between September 1, 1878, and August 31, 1879, amounted to 2,796,913 cwt.; 2,764,877 cwt. being raw sugar, and 585,629 cwt. refined. In the preceding twelve months the quantity exported amounted to 1,978,496 cwt.; 1,431,852 cwt. being raw sugar, and 437,315 cwt. refined. The exports had therefore been 817,417 cwt. greater in the twelve months just concluded than in the corresponding period of 1877–8.

☞ The potato rot is said to be causing serious loss to the farmers in Franklin county, Me., and more or less in other parts of the State. Some farmers out of the crop of one or two hundred bushels, will be able to save scarcely enough for their own use and for seed. Some potatoes that appeared sound when dug, have rotted surprisingly since, half or two-thirds having decayed. Dealers do not dare to buy largely lest they decay on their hands, causing loss. Any one who has potatoes which will keep will do well to keep them, as a good price will be obtained for them next spring.

### READ AND RUN.

—A Vermont citizen has been shot by his wife, assisted by his father-in-law, which does not speak very well for the harmony of that family.

—The ground has of late become so dry in portions of Vermont, that forest fires have raged in different places. One fire was driven in its course for miles by a strong wind that was blowing.

—The relations between Prussia and Germany, or we should say between St. Petersburg and Berlin, have improved somewhat of late.

—The Harlan-Courtney rowing match is chiefly remarkable for its having nothing to do with rowing.

—Ex-Mayor John H. Bailey, of Portsmouth, N. H., died suddenly at his residence last week.

—The flow of gold from Europe to New York, continues.

—A fine Bengal tigress, nearly eight feet long and over three feet in height, made its appearance near a village in Pennsylvania, and the people turned out and killed it. The visitor was supposed to have escaped from a travelling menagerie.

—The Colorado Indians having renewed hostilities, the Governor of the State addressed Secretary Schurz a vigorous protest against the policy of military inactivity.

—The proprietors of Tremont Temple have decided to immediately rebuild the same, according to plans furnished by a Boston architect.

—One of the most encouraging signs of increasing prosperity is found in the sales of public lands to actual settlers and entries under the homestead law.

—A history of the town of Marblehead, by Samuel Roads, Jr., is shortly to appear, and it is cited as a remarkable fact that about fourteen inches of rain also fell in 1860 during the same months. The speaker attributed the depression in agriculture to the weather, and regards all other obstacles as minor ones, which may be overcome.

—Gov. Roberts, of Texas, at a recent agricultural fair in that State, stated that one-sixth of all the revenues of the State is appropriated to the public schools; and that the laws had been so amended as to make the teachers responsible in a measure for the attendance of their pupils; so that, unless at least seventy-five per cent. of the children in each district attended school, the teacher's salary is reduced in the same ratio.

—There was an unpleasant rumor that this is to be the last season at Tait's, Point Shirley, but it proves to be premature.

—The Postmaster General has refused an application by the counsel of the Louisiana Lottery company, for reference to the Attorney General of a brief filed in behalf of that company against the recent order forbidding them to use the mails.

—Ice formed in almost all quarters on Friday night of last week, and people felt and talked decidedly winterish. It will soon be time for the Thanksgiving proclamations to appear.

—There has been much popular excitement in Constantinople of late, in consequence of the posting of placards inciting the inhabitants to rise in revolt.

—There was a collision on the Bangor and Piscataqua railroad, last Saturday night, between Dover and Guilford, and the engineer had both legs broken.

—A hundred cars, loaded with lumber, leave Ottawa daily for American ports. The lumber trade there is surprisingly active.

—The grand jury at Salt Lake City are hard at work on polygamy cases.

—The first snow is reported from different quarters almost every day. People seem to be in a sort of hurry to welcome Winter.

—The Irish citizens of Lowell are devising means for assisting the Irish tenant farmers.

—A raid on a Chinese gambling shop in this city was made last Saturday evening by the officers.

—Michael Dalton, the oldest typefounder in the country, h s recently died in this city. He was born, lived, and died at the North End.

—It is stated that Gen. Grant will in all probability pass the coming winter in the South.

—Evidence has been published to show that Capt. Samuel Morey, of Oxford, N. H., was the first person who ever applied steam to the propulsion of a boat, and that he built the first steamboat ever seen on American waters, which ran between Oxford, N. H., and Fairlee, Vt., in the year 1793.

—A baby earthquake occasioned some trifling uneasiness, last Saturday evening, among the inhabitants of Fitchburg.

—At the annual meeting of the Cheshire County (N. H.,) Agricultural Society at Keene, on Saturday last, it was resolved to clear up the existing debt of the Society by enlarging the membership.

—The list of wife-killers appears to be growing longer very fast, murders and hangings seem to be favorite topics with the telegraph.

—The Nashua, N. H., Iron and Steel Company recently cast an ingot of steel, that weighed 14,760 pounds, and hammered it into a shaft. It is pronounced the largest ingot ever cast and hammered in the United States.

—At the York, Me., town farm, died, a few days ago, Stephen Goodale, at the great age of 118 years. He was a native of York, and went to the poor house when he was 76 years old, and has consequently passed 42 years in that congenial seclusion. It cannot be denied that the poor-house is favorable to longevity.

—The advertisements in the papers are a sufficient announcement of themselves of the approach of winter.

—Standing Bear, the Ponca Indian Chief, is paying Boston a visit this week, and holding public receptions at so much per head.

—A reform in the present system of hiring servant-girls has been adopted by the ladies of Chicago. Wages are graduated to the amount of work, and a week's notice is given when help is to be discharged.

—The floods in Spain proved far more disastrous than was at first believed. The loss of life involved over three thousand persons. Spain, be it remembered, is a country in which the forests have long since disappeared.

—Special Indian Agent Adams visited the Ute camp without any difficulty, and the captive women and children were delivered up to him without any conditions whatever. He entertains a positive hope that further hostilities may be averted.

—The chief cause of the trouble with the Alaska Indians, it is now ascertained, is the free use of rum among them, which is manufactured from molasses. It is reported from that distant quarter, that until the Government stops the the molasses traffic, it will be necessary to station a vessel of war at Sitka for the protection of the few whites who are compelled to remain there.

—Jack Frost has at last conquered Yellow Jack at Memphis, and quarantine is raised.

—Everything in Zululand is at present quiet.

—Preliminary preparations for the convening of Congress have begun in Washington.

—No nominations to the English and Russian missions are to be made by the President for the present.

—The coal trade has at last begun to show signs of doing something for the companies. The rise in the price of iron was sure, sooner or later, to bring a corresponding rise in the price of coal.

—The Army of the Cumberland Society will meet in Washington this month, when the statue of Gen. Thomas will be inaugurated.

—The recent rise in sugar has made a great deal of money for some large holders.

—The merchandise markets are generally buoyant and active.

—Stocks continue extremely active at the Boston Board.

—A leading New York journal says there are many reasons why money should be much easier in the future, probably in the near future.

—The cotton crop of the present year is conceded to be the largest ever harvested.

—The Old Farmer's Almanack for 1880, No. 88, is issued, leading the younger members of the Almanack family.

—It now looks as if the last serious obstacle to the running of Hamilton Place through Music Hall to Washington Street had been removed.

—A gentleman connected with the Boston press proposes to arrange and conduct, for the benefit of the Old South Fair, a concert of vocal and instrumental music of the time of the Revolution, with the best performers, in appropriate costume.

CONSOLATION FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—The Physicians of the "Consumption Hospital," England, acknowledged that with Cod Liver Oil, in any form, they have not cured two per cent. of their patients, whereas, with those Hypo-Phosphites, they have cured seventy-five per cent. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages of *Vitalized Phosphites*, in all forms of nervous diseases, vitalizing the debilitated, preventing and curing consumption.

F CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists.

☞ Alas how many persons tremble at the sound of the word Scrofula, and how many rejoice when they think how they and their friends have been cured of this terrible disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla. My friend if you or a relative or a friend have Scrofula about you, its your duty to go at once and get this medicine, use it, then you will be sure to send them. Its success depends wholly upon its merit and that is proven. Sold by druggists. "Hood's Cook Book" sent free. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Editor's Table.

☞ *Messrs. Lee & Shepard* have nearly ready for publication another of Mr. G. M. Towles Juvenile Books of Adventure founded entirely on fact, in the "Heroes of History" series. This volume is the interesting life of the famous voyager Magellan, who was born late in the 15th century, and after various adventures started from Spain with five ships that made the first voyage around the world.

☞ The Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D., author of a number of popular juveniles, formerly Secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Union has written another story for youth, entitled "*Roderick Ashcourt*," showing how a brother and sister, thrown by misfortune from wealth and a happy home, met the emergency with great bravery and fought it through until they had lifted themselves to enviable positions.

☞ The same house also have ready for immediate publication, an entertaining juvenile, by Mrs. T. W. Higginson, entitled "*Room for One More*," illustrated by Mrs. Gibbons Morse. The story vividly portrays the struggles and final magnificent victories of a high spirited and unruly orphan boy.

☞ Mr. Nathaniel H. Bishop, author of "The Voyage of a Paper Canoe," has ready for immediate issue from the press of Lee & Shepard a companion volume entitled "*Four Months in a Sneak-Box*," the name of the fishing and duck-shooting boats used on our New Jersey coast, and in which he made a most interesting trip of 260 miles down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and along the coast of Mexico. The work contains many new and important observations upon this comparatively unfamiliar part of our land.

☞ "*Castle Foam*," by H. W. French, will also be brought out at once by Lee & Shepard. It is a strong and dramatic novel, founded in Russia during the brilliant reign of the Emperor Alexander. The author's familiarity with the people and customs has enabled him to weave into an interesting story the pride, passion, treachery, magnificence and the underlying truth of life among the nobility.

RUPTURE CURED.—It is commonly said that about one in seven of the human race are afflicted with rupture, and it is only within a few years that it has been discovered that there is a complete remedy for this dangerous disease, the medical profession having settled down in the belief and theory that there is no cure, but that all that suffering humanity could do was to make external appliances which at the best would ordinarily prevent serious consequences. The methods of treatment and relief have been pursued consequently on an entirely wrong basis, until recent investigation and studies have resulted in the discovery of a most complete and effectual cure of this dangerous disease of the system. Dr. J. A. Sherman, whose advertisement appears in another column of the *Ploughman*, has been most successful in the application of remedies, which have been used by him in thousands of cases, to the great comfort and relief of his patients. The methods practiced by Dr. Sherman go to the seat of the trouble, and dispense entirely with the use of the truss. The cure is effected without an operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medical, made by the patient himself, and which do not interfere with labor, business or pleasure. The Doctor is located for a time at 43 Milk St., Boston, where he will be happy to receive calls from sufferers, and for very moderate charges will secure permanent relief and cure.

☞ NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds or any trouble of the throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine Bronchial Troches are sold *only in boxes*.

☞ USE WALTER BAKER & Co.'s chocolate if you desire the best in the market. The verdict of experts, both in Europe and America, has for many years testified to its great excellence.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 13

"DON'T KNOW HALF FOR VALUE."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint," as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them long ago if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y. See other column.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

A GREAT MYSTERY.

In all the crowds upon the street,
Two *just alike* we never meet;
Though some resemblance we may see,
Some difference there will always be;
This fact will every one admit,
While many think quite strange of it,
And each one in the crowd agrees
'Tis one of life's great mysteries.
But 'tis not strange when Boys need CLOTHES,
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
That they should buy at GEORGE FENNO'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

### MARRIAGES.

In this city, 23d ult., by Rev. Dr. Webb, Mr. George Putnam May, of the firm of Samuel May & Co., to Miss Alice L. daughter of C. Chase Walworth.

In this city, 11th ult., by Rev. F. B. Dickinson, Mr. John W. Sanford of Rome, N. Y., to Miss Rose L. Brown, only daughter of the late Rufus B. Brown of Nashua, N. H.

In Somerville, 28th ult., by Rev. W. S. Hubbell, Mr. E. Lester Davis to Miss Emma F. Thomas, daughter of John C. Thomas.

In Neponset, 29th ult., by Rev. A. C. Nickerson of Templeton, Mr. Frank H. Porter to Miss Alice H. Packard, both of Neponset.

In Newburyport, 27th ult., by Rev. James H. Ross, Mr. Horace F. Longfellow of Newbury, to Miss Hannah L. Sawyer of Newburyport.

In Boxford, 16th ult., by Rev. David Bumner, Mr. E. H. Foy to Miss Kittie Mincard, both of Haverhill, Mass.

In New Haven, 23d ult., by Rev. E. E. Beardsley, Mr. George F. Faxon to Miss Annie M. Hinton, both of Watertown, Mass.

In Harrison Square, 23d ult., by Rev. C. B. Crane, Mr. Erastus Willard to Miss Mary E. R. Lovell.

In East Boston, 21st ult., by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Mr. Charles H. Davis of Boston, to Miss Catherine Johnson of Chelsea.

In Cambridge, 23d ult., by Rev. Edward Abbott, Mr. Josiah C. Bennett to Miss Jennie Holland, both of Somerville.

In Hyde Park, 22d ult., by Rev. P. B. Davis, Mr. Fred. G. French of Jamaica Plain, to Miss Alice G. Piper of Hyde Park.

In Malden, 23d ult., by Rev. J. W. Wellman, D.D., Mr. Clarence O. Walker to Miss Clara I., daughter of Hon. E. A. Stevens, all of Malden.

In Milton, 22d ult., by Rev. Alonzo A. Teele, D.D., Mr. Frank A. Clapp to Miss Julia Young, all of Milton.

In Lynn, 22d ult., by Rev. E. A. Manning, Mr. George M. Coffin of Boston Highlands, to Miss Minnie E. Marsh of Lynn.

In Framingham, 23d ult., by Rev. P. C. Headley, Boston, assisted by Rev. L. R. Eastman, Robert Davis, Esq., of Franklin, N. J., to Miss Luella P. Kimberly, daughter of Prof. L. O. Emmerson of Framingham.

In North Easton, Mass., 14th ult., by Rev. Lewis B. Bates of East Boston, assisted by Rev. Samuel Evans, Mr. C. Judson Colgan of Indianapolis, Ind., to Miss Addie C., daughter of Henry P. Waite of North Easton.

In Phillipston, 22d ult., by Rev. Lyman Clark, Mr. William L. Keit of Boston, to Miss Flora L. Miner of Phillipston.

In East Boothbay, Me., 25th ult., by Rev. N. M. Pike, Mr. Wellington Clark of Damariscotta, Me., to Miss Josephine A. Boyd of East Boothbay, Me.

In Farmingdale, Me., 18th ult., by Rev. George D. Lindsay, assisted by Rev. W. S. Jones of Auburn, Mr. Edward L. Cushing of Weston, Mass., to Miss Carrie A. Keniston of Farmingdale.

In Great Falls, N. H., 22d ult., by Rev. I. W. Berry, Mr. Orrealief A. Merriam, U. S. Navy, to Miss Helen L., daughter of the late Hon. George W. Burleigh.

### DEATHS.

In this city, 23d ult., Fanny Mann, 28 years.

In this city, 22d ult., Warren Plummer, 77 yrs 4 mos.

In this city, 20th ult., William Simmons, 57 years 6 months.

In this city, Hannah Dawes, wife of Thomas Lamb, 70 years.

In Dorchester District, 26th ult., Susanah R. Robinson, 88 years 2 months 28 days.

In Charlestown, 26th ult., Mabel E., daughter of John T. and Sarah W. Sawin, 4 years 6 months.

In Dorchester, 23d ult., Elbridge G. Packard, 68.

In Cambridgeport, Mrs. Sophia Bryant, 92 years 8 months.

In Somerville, 23d ult., Fanny A., wife of William H. Hopkins, 58 years 9 months.

In Arlington, 23d ult., Mrs. Eunice H. Chenery of Newtonville.

In Brookline, 24th ult., Charles Stearns, 85 years.

In Melrose Highlands, 23d ult., Nellie Karnes, youngest child of Jarvis P. and Ellen M. Hudson, 17 years 11 months 18 days.

In Milton, Rebecca P., wife of B. A. Humphrey and daughter of the late Lewis Copeland.

In Peabody, 22d ult., Mrs. Helen M., wife of Hon. B. C. Perkins, 62 years 6 months.

In Gloucester, Mass., 24th ult., Curtis C. Cressey, 55 years 9 months.

In Portland, Me., 30th ult., Capt. Isaac N. Knapp, 66 years 9 months.

In Cliftondale, 21st ult., William Mansfield, 66 years 7 months.

In Hampton, 16th ult., Miss Elizabeth Wright, 70.

In Newburyport, 21st ult., George T. Laughton, 46 years.

In Middleborough, 21st ult., Mrs. Margaret Allen, formerly of Taunton, 67 years.

In Taunton, 21st ult., Sarah Jane, wife of George W. Spaulding, 48 years of age.

In New Bedford, 22d ult., James Webb, 85 years.

In Portland, Me., 22d ult., Thomas Davies, youngest son of ex-Governor Anderson, 25 years.

In Bennington, N. H., 16th ult., Mrs. Lucy A. Stevens, wife of George W. Wilson.

In Fitzwilliam, N. H., 22d ult., Charles W. Perry, 34 years 7 months.

In New York, 23d ult., C. Elizabeth, widow of the late George F. Johnson of this city.

In Bogota, Estados Unidos de Colombia, South America, Aug. 18, Charles I. Putnam, M. D., son of the late J. W. Putnam, D. D., of Middleboro', 42 yrs.

## Domestic Markets.

### WHOLESALE PRICES.

#### BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

**Flour.**—There has been no active movement in the flour market, and the trade are disposed to reduce their stock rather than to make any additional purchases at the present moment. Prices are unaltered and are quite steady. We quote spring wheat at $5 25 @ bbl; common extras at $6 25@6 50 @ bbl., and Michigan flours at $7 37½@7 50 @ bbl., with one or two fancy brands from $7 75@8 00. Straight spring wheats are firm at $6 75@7 75, the latter price for fancy bakers' brand St. Louis flours are held at $7 75@8 25. Winter wheat patents at $7 75@8 75, the latter an extreme figure; choice spring wheats at $8 25@9 50 @ bbl., with one or two brands held at a higher figure.

**Corn Meal.**—There continues to be a fair demand for corn meal at $2 80 @ bbl. Rye flour is firm at $5 50@6 00 @ bbl.

**Corn.**—There is rather an easy market, with sales at 68½c @ bush on track for high mixed.

**Oats.**—The market continues quiet at 43½@43½c for the various grades, including extra at the latter figure.

**Mill Feed.**—The market is quiet at $17 50@21 00 @ ton for Shorts, Feed and Middlings.

**Vegetables.**—Potatoes—Northern Rose and Prolific sell at 50@65c @ bush and choice Eastern potatoes at 55@60c @ bush. White Brooks at 40@45c. Sweet potatoes from the boat at $2 @ bbl and Jerseys from the cars at $2 50@2 75 @ bbl. For Onions prices range from $2 60@2 65 @ bbl.

**Fruit.**—Fall Apples are dull and prices rule from 75c@$1 @ bbl., but good No. 1 Baldwins and Greenings sell at $2 25@2 50 @ bbl. Grapes are in fair demand at 4c for Isabellas and 7c @ lb for Catawbas. Cranberries rule very dull, and sell slowly at $4 0 @6 00 @ bbl.

**Beans.**—Beans are firm and in good demand at $1 90@2 00 @ bush for choice ones. Mediums are selling at $1 60@1 70 @ bush for good to choice. Yellow eyes remain steady at $2 @2 10 @ bush.

**Poultry.**—Good Chickens sell at 14@17c @ lb and common for 11@13c; old Fowls range from 11@14c, and Turkeys sell all the way from 15@18c @ lb.

**Hay and Straw.**—The market is unaltered in price, and there is a steady demand for prime lots. Straw is firm and in good demand at full prices. We quote prime hay at $15 00@16 00 @ ton, with now and then a sale of fancy l

## Directory Column.

PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES IN BOSTON.

*The Business Houses appearing under the several classifications in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.*

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
AARON R. GAY & CO., 130 State St.

APOTHECARIES.
B. F. BRADBURY, 443 Washington St.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Wadsworth Br's & Howland, 76 Wash'n St.

BEEF, Etc.
N. J. COPELAND, 20 & 22 F. H. Market.
W. CROSBY, 60 Fan. Hall Market.
A. D. ROGERS, (wholesale) 40 N. Market.

WHOLESALE PROVISIONS.
CHARLES DANA & CO., 52 N. Mark't St.

BEEF AND PORK.
HOLDEN & GILDDEN, 40 F. H. Market.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.
KELLEY & PEIRCE, 31 N. Market St.
KELLEY, REYNOLDS & CO., 26 Blackstone St.
AMOS KEYES & CO., Cellar, 3 F. H. Mk.
HILTON BROS. & CO., Cellar, 3 F. H. Mk.
BENTON, CAVERLY & CO., 7 N. Market.
J. W. RANDALL, 9 Nor. Market St.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.
J. F. Hutchinson & Co., 177 & 179 So. Market.
Harrison Aldrich, 112 So. Market St.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
A. A. MORSE, 43 Tremont Street.
EDW. P. WHITE, 25 Tremont Row.
C. LAWRENCE, 9 Tremont Row.

BAGS AND TRUNKS.
J. L. TYLER, 26 Avon St.

BIBLES & SUNDAY SCH'L SUPPLIES
H. L. HASTINGS, 47 Cornhill.

COFFEE AND TEA.
AR-MOYER & CO., 25 Union St.
ORIENTAL TEA CO., 8 to 10 Court St.

NEW & SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES AND HARNESSES.
A. A. STEWART, 63 Sudbury St.

COMMISSION PRODUCE.
SAYER & CONDEN, 138 Blackstone St.
LEARNARD & CO., 108 So. Market St.

CROCKERY CHINA AND GLASS.
ABRAM FRENCH & CO., 89 Franklin.
NICHERSON & MILLER, 22 Merch. Row.
YORK HOUSE & HEARTH, 24 Merchants Row.
CHARLES H. HUNT & CO., 14 & 16 Mason St.
H. P. CALDWELL, 212 Tremont St.

DRY GOODS.
Hoyt, Brown & Taylor, 477 & 481 Wash'n St.
C. F. HOVEY & CO., 33 Summer Street.
R. & J. GOLDTHWAIT & CO., 2 & 4 Winter St.
SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO., 26 Winter St.

DYE HOUSES.
MALDEN DYE HOUSE, 8 Hanover St.

DRY & PICKLED SALT FISH.
FRANKLIN SNOW & CO., 176 Atlantic Avenue, Head of T Wharf.

EXTRACTS AND COLOGNES.
JOS. BURNETT & CO., 22 Central.

ENGRAVINGS CHROMOS, Etc.
CHAS. E. MEYER & CO., 64 Wash. St.

FERTILIZERS.
BOWKER FERT. CO., 43 Chatham St.
Baldwin & Curtis, Agents for Pacific Guano Co., Office Bank Building, cor. State & Congress sts.

FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.
C. H. HODGMEN FURNITURE CO., 107 Washington St.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES and CANNED GOODS
HALL & COLE, 100 Fan. Hall Market.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.
B. P. HODSDON & CO., 11 N. Market St.

FISH.
WALKER & RICH, 123 F. H. Market.
SWIFT, ELDRIDGE & CO., 128 F. H. Market.
L. A. RICH & CO., 606 Atlantic Ave.

FLORAL ARTISTS.
C. H. HOVEY & CO., 32 Tremont Street.
DECK & DOYLE, 32 Tremont Street.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.
W. H. HERVEY & CO., 5 Union St.
Brooks & Walbridge Bros., 151 Hanover St.

FANCY GOODS & POCKET BOOKS.
ALVAH L. LOCKWOOD, 423 Washington

HARDWARE DEALERS.
BURDETT & WILLIAMS, 20 Dock Sq.
W. A. GARDNER, 6 Dock Square.
BROWN & SHARP, 2 Dock Square.
N. C. WHITCOMB & CO., 9 Dock Square.

HAT BLEACHERY.
Gould's Hat Bleachery, 205 Washington st.

KEROSENE CHANDELIERS, LAMPS.
C. H. McKINLEY & CO., 634 Wash. St.

MF'RS BUTCHERS' TOOLS.
UNDERHILL BROS., 71 Haverhill St.

METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.
JAS. P. MAGEE, Agent, 38 Bromfield St.

TABER CABINET ORGANS.
O. A. GAMAGE, 302 Washington St.

PAPER AND TWINE
STIMPSON & CO., 65 Chatham St.
James H. Hallett & Co., 16 Blackstone st.

PORK, Etc.
J. P. SQUIRE & CO., 23 F. H. Market.
CHAS. H. NOURSE & CO., 21 F. H. Mkt.
JOHN A. HOLLAND, 31 F. H. Market.

POULTRY.
NATHAN ROBBINS, 33 F. H. Market.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.
CHAS. E. MEYER & CO., 64 Wash. St.
J. LUCHAS & CO., 90-92 Chauncy St.

PAINTS, OILS, Etc.
Wadsworth Bros. & Howland, 76 Wash'n.
A. G. CUSHER & CO., 149 Milk Street.
BEACH, DOLE & CO., 12 Broad Street.
J. H. BAKER, 24 India Street.

PIANO FORTES.
WOODWARD & BROWN, 592 Wash'n
CHICKERING & SONS, 156 Tremont.
HALLET & CUMSTON, 237 Washington St.
CHAS. D. BLAKE & CO., 649 Wash. St.
GILBERT, HALE & CO., 682 Wash. St.
H. W. BOLLES, Church & Parlor, 392 Washington St., and Gen. Stock, 1

KNABE PIANOS.
E. W. TYLER, 7 Bedford & 506 Washington St.

PARLOR STOVES—STOVES AND RANGES.
W. H. HERVEY & CO., 5 Union St.

READY MIXED & ROOFING PAINTS.
The National Paint Co., 22 Oliver St.

RESTAURANTS.
FRANK B. ENGALLS, 22 Milk St.
JOSIAH A. PARKS, 43 N. Market St.
E. G. PARK, 123 Causeway St.

RUBBER GOODS.
WORTHLEY, DOWNES & CO., 20 Milk
ALFRED BLAKE & CO., 309 Wash'n St.

STOVES AND RANGES.
Brooks & Walbridge Bros., 151 Hanover St.

SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, &c
CHADWICK LEAD WORKS, 123 High st.
BOSTON LEAD MF'G Co., 20 Oliver St.

TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, ELASTIC Stockings for Varicose Veins, Hearing Trumpets and Apparatus, Milking Tubes and Instruments for Cattle.
CODMAN & SHURTLEFF, 13 Tremont

TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS AND FANCY GOODS.
C. E. COOK & CO., 12 Winter St.

VARNISH MAKERS.
J. H. BAKER, 24 India Street.
JOHN BARCOCK & CO., 2 Liberty Sq.

WHITE LEAD, COLORS, VARNISHES, ROOFING, TOOLS, &c.
POORE, TOD & CO., 20 India St.
CHARLES RICHARDSON & CO., 85 Oliver St.
C. F. FOLSOM & CO., 34 India St.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN UNION.
Reading Rooms, Library, Study, Gymnasium, Union Coffee Room, 18 Boylston St.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
Reading Room, Parlor, Library, Lectures, Gymnasium, &c. $1.00 per year.

### POULTRY SHOWS FOR 1879-80.

Wildtown Poultry Association, Lowell, Mass. Jan. 25-30, 1880.—Jan. 1, 1880. F. W. Worthen, Secretary.
Southern Conn. Association, Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 15-19, 1879. Geo. S. Pratt, Secretary.
Rock River Valley Association, Sterling, Ill., Dec. 9-13, 1879. H. H. Thomas, Secretary.
Germantown Poultry Association, Germantown, Pa., Dec. 23-26, 1879. Charles T. Sadler, Secretary.
Western Poultry Club, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 8-13, 1880. C. J. Ward, Secretary.
Meriden Club, Meriden, Conn., Jan. 6-8, 1880. C. F. Ives, Secretary.
South Mass. Poultry Association, Fall River, Jan. 14-18, 1880. E. Rodman, Clerk.
Indiana Poultry Association, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 8-15, 1880. H. C. G. Bals, Secretary.
Northern Indiana Association, Fort Wayne, Jan. 27-30, 1880. J. H. Welch, Secretary.
Logansport Poultry Association, Logansport, Ind., Dec. 29, 1879—Jan. 3, 1880. C. H. Miller, Secretary.

☞ Mr. Holloway, the English millionaire, has recently endowed a woman's college with over half a million pounds sterling. It will be similar to the Vassar College.

### A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, as I am all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well, and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept up well and able to work all the time. I'm warrent it has cost you and the neighbors ten to two hundred dollars apiece in the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

### IN A HURRICANE AT SEA.

A passenger by the Montana on its late voyage from Liverpool to New York, gives this account of a storm which broke over the vessel October 10: The captain had been obliged to put the ship before the wind as a measure of safety. She was fairly flying over the waves, but seemed to ride beautifully and safely over them. I managed to get on the bridge with the second officer, and while holding on for dear life I could not but wonder at the terrible fury of the storm. One moment the ship would be lifted up by a gigantic wave, and the next we would drop down into the trough of the sea, imprisoned by walls of water on all sides. Every few moments a terrific wave would strike us with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. After running before the gale for some time and finding it increase, the captain decided upon going about and heaving to. In a few words he warned the sailors to look out for their lives. He ordered the engines to be stopped, and then caused the wheel to be put hard down. Then the engines were started slowly, and to turn the ship about was to go directly in the teeth of the gale. As the sea struck us the great ship's course was changed, and as she wore around she careened over so that her beam ends were under. They tell me that even the captain held his breath as the ship went thro' the trough of the sea. The position at this critical interval was as dangerous as it could be, and had a heavy sea struck us at this time we would probably have gone to destruction. In the saloon a terrible scene was taking place. Panic-stricken passengers were crying and screaming, and ladies were fainting. To make matters worse a sea was shipped into the engine room, which sent a puff of steam into the saloon with a hissing sound. This caused an alarm of fire, and for a short time there was terrible excitement. Heavy seas continued to break over us, and at a quarter past one a gigantic wave washed away a large life-boat, crushing it into a thousand pieces. Later on, others were damaged, until only one seaworthy boat was left. At the time the first boat was crushed the first loss of life occurred. Two steerage passengers were standing near the funnel. The same wave which smashed the boat swept them away. One of them managed to grasp the rail just as he was going over. He was quickly rescued, but his companion was never seen again. Shortly after this, while the sailors were trying to secure the foresail, another heavy sea dashed over us. One of the sailors, named Michael Higgins, was swept overboard and drowned, and another was badly hurt. At 8 P. M. the fury of the hurricane had in no wise abated. The sails had been cut or torn away, one of the funnels dismantled and the wheelman's place on the bridge broken up.

### HOW ANDY JOHNSON'S IMPEACHMENT WAS PREVENTED.

Ex-Senator Vickers of Maryland, who has just died, came into the United States Senate just in time to vote against Andrew Johnson's impeachment. At the critical junction when he was elected, William Kimmel, now one of Baltimore's representatives in Congress, and the author of the posse comitatus clause in last year's army bill, was a member of the Maryland Legislature. There was great difficulty in selecting a man to be sent to the United States Senate to succeed the senator who had just died. The trouble was to find some one whose record was such that the Senate could find no excuse for deciding him to be disqualified to sit on the high court of impeachment, yet one whom the Legislature of Maryland could be certain would vote in favor of President Johnson. Mrs. Kimmel, who, from her childhood had taken the warmest interest in politics, used to lie awake at night—for she was with her husband at Annapolis—trying to think of the right man, and at last thought of Vickers in the dead of night and suggested the name to her husband, who considered it a very happy thought. It required very nice management on the part of Mr. Kimmel and his colleagues, who desired the failure of the impeachment, to secure the election of Mr. Vickers in time to cast his vote, and the Maryland Legislature sat day and night until he was elected by very skillful political diplomacy. Then it remained to get him to Washington before it was too late, and this, again, Mr. Kimmel contrived to effect, despite many difficulties.

### THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT.

At a recent meeting of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, Mr. F. W. Brearley, Honorable Secretary, read a paper in which he treated of the various experiments which had been made to solve the problem of flight.

He said that in none of the plans which had been submitted to the society had there been the slightest hint that flight could be attained by imparting a wave-like action to a loose surface extended in the direction of its length. Certain it was that this discovery enabled them to make a very large surface effective for support, which, with wings alone, appeared to be impossible. Of course, like every machine intended to find support in the air, it must be balanced, but in the model before them such was its stability that an inch more or less did not affect it. So that they were at liberty to contemplate the construction of an aerial vehicle, the dimensions of which would suffice to maintain in wave motion six or seven hundred square feet of canvas, actuated by steam power, and capable of supporting the additional weight of a man, whose weight, together with the machine would not certainly exceed 500 lbs., and they could contemplate the man as being able to move a few feet backward or forward without much affecting the stability of the machine. His descent under the parachute action could thus be graduated at will. This could also be effected by a cord attached to the tail, which by that means could be elevated or depressed at pleasure. It would be placed on wheels and have flexible arms. The weight to be carried depended upon the power and the strength of material for a given surface kept in a state of vibration. In conclusion, Mr. Beardley said that after fourteen years' study of the subject by the members of the society, they were now in a far more favorable position than they had ever been to form a fair estimate of the probabilities of success. The conditions necessary for flight were pretty well understood, and there remained but the mechanical difficulties to be overcome.

### A GOLD MINE IN A COW.

[Nova Scotia Journal of Agriculture.]

One of the remarkable cows on record is the "10th Duchess of Airdrie," owned by the Hon. Mat. Cochran, which has just given birth to her ninth calf, a red heifer, to be named the "8th Duchess of Hillhurst," by the Duke of Oneida. Of the 10th Duchess and her daughter calves, Mr. Cochrane has sold the following animals at the prices named: In the winter of 1875 the bull calf 4th Duke of Hillhurst, at $7,000; at public auction in Toronto, June 16, 1875, the bull calf 5th Duke of Hillhurst, two months old, at $8,000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 5th, eight months old, $18,000; at auction sale at Toronto, June 14th, 1876, the cow Airdrie Duchess 2d, at $21,000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 3d, at $23,600; in August, 1877, privately, the heifer 6th Duchess of Hillhurst, at $12,000; and at public sale at Bowness, Windermere, England, September 4, 1877, the heifers 3d Duchess and 5th Duchess of Hillhurst, at 4,100 and 4,300 guineas each, or $20,500 and $21,500 respectively, making a total of $131,000 for eight animals sold. He has still in his possession, besides the 10th Duchess, Airdrie Duchess 4th, 7th Duke, and 7th and 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, five animals, and has lost four animals by death. The above result has perhaps never been equalled by any one animal at the same age. In December, 1875, an offer of $25,000 for the 10th Duchess was refused, and the same for her daughter, Airdrie, Duchess 4th. Since then the old cow has brought three heifers and one bull; two of the heifers have been sold for $33,500, and there still remains the bull and the heifer just dropped, besides the dam, who will probably breed a number of calves yet.

☞ Sheep should be brought to the barn in the autumn in good condition. In order to do this, it is often necessary to feed a little grain and roots daily after the frosts begin to injure the grass. The extra feed should be continued until the sheep get accustomed to hay in winter, and if the hay is of poor quality it is well to continue to give extra feed. It is a great mistake to allow sheep to lose flesh and fall into poor condition in the fall before coming to the barn. They will not winter so well, nor do so well in the spring nor the next summer. The most economical and the most profitable way of keeping sheep is to maintain them in a good, thrifty condition all the time. Then they will be a constant source of profit.—*Lewiston Journal.*

☞ The farmer who keeps an account Dr. and Cr. with each crop, as other business men do will come out at the end of the year, with a correct idea of how the profit and loss stands. The farmer's account book need not be complicated, but is as much a necessity in farming as in any other business.

## New Advertisements.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**
**Number Eighty-Eight**
**The Old**
# Farmer's Almanack.
**FOR 1880.**
**ROBERT B. THOMAS.**
WILLIAM WARE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
nov1-1t 47 Franklin St., Boston.

**The Two Most Desirable Children's Annuals NOW READY.**

**'BABYLAND FOR 1879.'**

Full of bright new features. In Chrome Board covers, 75 cents. In elegant cloth binding, silver and gold stamp, $1,00.

**Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.**
nov1-1t

**Wide Awake Pleasure Book F.**

ENTIRELY original by best American Artists and Authors. The opening story is by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

*More attractive than any previous Volume.*

In chrome board covers, $1.25. In elegant cloth binding, $1.75. Ask your Bookseller for them, or send order with price to

**BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & CO.**
nov1-1t Publishers.

**THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS.**
# WHITE ROBES.

A New Sunday School Song Book of unusual beauty. By A. J. ABBEY and M. J. MUNGER. Price 30 cents, for which Specimen Copies will be mailed. Examine this charming collection when new books are needed. Every song is a jewel.

The newest Operas are
**CARMEN.** By Bizet. $2,00.
**PATINITZA.** By Suppe. $2,00.
**DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA.** Eichberg, new and enlarged edition. $1,40.
**BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.** By Planquette. $1,50.
**PINAFORE.** Gilbert and Sullivan. 40 cents.
**SORCERER.** " " $1,00.

The newest Church Music and Singing School Books are
**VOICE OF WORSHIP.** L. O. Emerson.
**TEMPLE.** Dr. W. O. Perkins. $9,00 per dozen, $9,00 per dozen.
The newest Voice Training Book is
**EMERSON'S VOCAL METHOD.** $1,50
Compact, complete and useful either for private pupils or classes.

A new Anthem Book is nearly ready.
The MUSICAL RECORD is always new. $2,00 per year, 6 cents per copy.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**
nov1-tc

**A CHOICE GIFT**
**For all times,**
**HOLIDAYS, WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, ANNIVERSARY, or any other day: for PASTOR, TEACHER, PARENT, CHILD, FRIEND.**

**WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.**
**NEW EDITION.**
Containing a **SUPPLEMENT** of over
**4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings.**
**ALSO ADDED, A NEW**
**Biographical Dictionary**
of over **9700** NAMES.
**A NATIONAL STANDARD.**

WEBSTER'S is the Dictionary used in the Government Printing Office. Jan. 1879.
Every State purchase of Dictionaries for Schools has been of Webster.
Books in the Public Schools of the United States are mainly based on Webster.
Sale of *Webster's* is about **20** times as great as the sale of any other series of Dictionaries.
THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND COPIES have been placed in the public schools of the U. S. containing **3000**, nearly three times as many as any other Dictionary.
*Recommended* by State Supt's of Schools in **35** States, and by **50** College Profs.
Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM,** Springfield, Ms.
nov1 It

**Situation Wanted.**

A GERMAN BOY, 18 years of age, thoroughly acquainted with dairy work and milking, taking care of horses and driving, who speaks the English language perfectly, would like a situation on a Milk or Dairy Farm, or on a Gentleman's Place. The best of reference of last employer. Address with letters, **B. C.,** Berlin P. O., Mass. nov1 It

**1,000,000 ACRES**

Of the richest railroad lands in America at $6 to $7 per acre, with large reduction for all cash in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. **HEALTHIEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD.** Every Family man of whatever trade or profession should own at least one-quarter section (160 acres) of these lands, as when all other resources fail they would still support a large family. They are fast filling up with the most enterprising settlers. Capitalists are investing in them. They are sure to advance in price. Having examined them personally, we can most heartily commend them. We propose starting a party in a few days to view them. Correspondence solicited.
**RULAND & WHITING,**
5 Beekman Street, New York.
nov1 4t

**PENSIONS,** Every wound or injury, even by accident or any disease, entitles a soldier of the late war to a pension. All pensions by the law of January, 1879, begin back at date of discharge or death of the soldier. All entitled should apply at once. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are entitled to an increase. Soldiers' widows of the war of 1812, and Mexican war entitled to pensions. Fees in all cases moderate. Stamp for copy CITIZEN SOLDIER free. Send two stamps for new laws, blanks, and instructions to Col. WM. P. PRENTICE, U. S. Claim Att'y, Box 589, Washington, D. C. nov1-4t

A SPLENDID Present, 1 Gilt bound Autograph Album containing 48 beautifully engraved pages, also 47 select quotations, all for 15c. postpaid. Postage stamps taken. Agents wanted. Franklin Bros., West Haven, Conn. nov1-4teow

**AGENTS! READ THIS!**
We will pay **Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses,** or allow a large **commission,** to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample Free. Address **SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.**
nov1-26t

**SUCCESS IN WALL STREET**

Can only be attained by careful Investments in **Active Stocks. We Buy, Sell and Carry** all active stocks **10, 25, 500** shares or more **on margin** at the Lowest Rates. Customers by our **system control** their profits. **Stock Privileges** at lowest rates. Mining and Stock circulars sent free. Address **EDGAR W. WARD & CO.,**
Stock & Bond Brokers, Members New York Mining Stock Exchange, P. O. Box 177. 108 Broadway, 55 & 57 New Street, New York City.
nov1-4t

**ATMORE'S CELEBRATED**
# Mince Meat!
**Medal and Award of High Merit at Centennial.**
**THE GREAT LABOR-SAVING LUXURY!**
**RELIABLE! RICH! ECONOMICAL!**

Prepared with scrupulous care from choicest materials. No further preparation except putting between the crusts and baking. Avoid the worry and hard work of mince-pie making, and use only

**Atmore's Standard Mince Meat.**
**Insist that your Grocer supplies you.**
oct25-4t

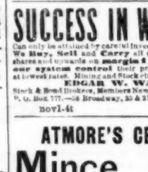
**For Sale,**
A First Prize **AYRSHIRE BULL,** 3 years old; Douglas stock. Apply to
**L. W. WESTON,**
oct25-3t* **Lincoln, Mass.**

**Kentucky Blue Grss Seed.**

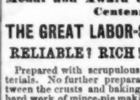
T. H LEWIS & CO., Paris, Kentucky, have for sale extra clean Blue Grass Seed, Wholesale and Retail. Samples sent by mail. Address
H. C. GRAVES,
oct25-3t No. 31 Oliver St., Boston Agents.

**TREES!**

Avoid Travelling Agents, and order at the Nursery, if you want *lowest prices and best results.* Our stock is of best quality and choicest varieties, including *superb new Roses* for out-door planting and for winter forcing.
Come and see.
**NONANTUM HILL, BRIGHTON, MASS.**
oct25-3t **W. C. STRONG.**



**DO YOU WISH TO SELL YOUR FARM OR PURCHASE ONE?** if so, send twenty-five cents for a copy of the NEW ENGLAND FARM REGISTER and save from $100 to $500, or the Farm Broker's Commission. We charge no commissions; all business done on the cooperative plan. Every book has full explanations as regards our method of doing business.
Address the NEW ENGLAND FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE FARM AGENCY, No. 11 Cornhill, Boston. JOHN K. ABBOTT & CO., Managers.
sep20-13t



**NONPAREIL FARM & FEED MILLS**
**The Cheapest and Best.**
Will Crush and Grind Any thing. Illustrated Catalogue FREE.
Address **L. J. MILLER,** Canajoh, O.
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**SEED DRILL.**

EVERY GARDENER should have the ARLINGTON SEED DRILL, made by SAMUEL C. BUCKMAN, of Arlington, Mass. Price Twenty dollars.
sep26-tf

**60** Cards—20 Chromo, 10 Motto, 20 Ocean Shell-Snowflake, &c. Name on, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct. sep14

## New Advertisements.

Opera House, Denver, Col.

# CITY LOTS
**25x125 FEET**
**SITUATED IN NORTH DENVER,**

U. S. Mint, Denver, Col.

**EVERY OTHER LOT ABSOLUTELY FREE!**
# FREE!
**WARRANTEE DEED WITHOUT RESERVE.**

Denver now has a population of 40,000. Great cities are the outgrowth of great countries. Twenty years ago Denver was a small trading post on the frontier, now it is a large city, with numerous Churches, Hotels, Theaters, Street-Railroads, Gas-works, Water-works, Gold and Silver Smelting and Refining Works, with a United States Mint, and is the great Railroad Center of the West. There are seven First-class Railroads now running and connecting with all the Principal and Branch Railroads from Maine to California. It is the Capital of Colorado, naturally the richest State in the Union, and located in about the geographical center of the United States. The climate is charming, with the best water and purest air in the world, and the scenery is unexcelled for beauty and grandeur. It is surrounded by the richest Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Coal Mines and Agricultural Lands in America. It is now the headquarters for Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and Northern Texas. The rich mineral and agricultural resources of this vast country will make Denver the largest and wealthiest city in the West.

**WHY LOTS ARE GIVEN AWAY.**

As the tide of immigration is now in this direction, it is the Company's interest to have people locate in Denver and on their property. To encourage emigration here, the Company will give to any one sending their name and address a warrantee deed, in fee simple, for one or more lots in North Denver, situated in Weld County, State of Colorado, in immediate view of this beautiful city, the only charge being one dollar to pay the Notary Public fees for acknowledging deed and conveyance. The Company does not give every lot away, but each alternate one, and does not expect that every person who gets a lot in North Denver will come here, but a great many will, and they will induce their friends to follow. The increased population will soon make this property very valuable, and this Company retain each alternate lot, which they intend to sell at prices varying from $25 to $500, according to location. For this reason the above proposition is made. The deeds are unconditional, not requiring any one to settle or improve, but with full power to transfer and deed to others. The limit to any one person taking advantage of this offer is five lots. This **property is not hill-side, mountain, or swamp, but is level, fertile,** and has advantages for building upon too numerous to mention. Full and satisfactory information, with indorsements from our best citizens, will be furnished.

**CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.**

I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 20 day of August, A. D. 1879.
W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.
[SEAL.] State of Colorado, } ss.
County of Weld. }

**INSTRUCTIONS.**

This Company will send by return mail, to any one sending within sixty days from the date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warranty deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes.
Applications for city lots must be accompanied with one dollar for each lot to pay cost of making and acknowledging deed, postage, etc. The lots then can be sold and transferred at your pleasure. Let all interested improve this opportunity to own a home in the richest State in the world. Deeds sent to any part of the U. S. and Canadas. Address all letters to
**DENVER LAND COMPANY,**
**449 LAWRENCE ST., DENVER, COL.**


High School, Denver, Col.

One of the many Churches.

nov1 1t

# "SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW."

**WHITMAN & BARNES M'F'G CO.,**
**29 & 32 South Market Street, Boston.**
sep27-13t

# CARPETS.
# JOHN & JAMES DOBSON
**THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS**
**IN THE UNITED STATES,**
***Are offering the Finest Assortment of Carpets in this Country at Lowest Manufacturers' Prices.***

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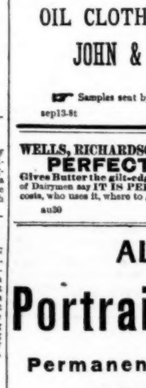
| AXMINSTERS, - - - - - - - | $1.75 |
| ROYAL WILTONS, - - - - - - | $2.00 |
| ROYAL VELVETS, - - - - - - | $1.50 |
| 1,000 PIECES BODY BRUSSELS AT - - | $1.25 |
| 100 PIECES TAPESTRY BRUSSELS AT - - | 75c. |
| 500 PIECES EXTRA SUPERFINE AT - - | 75c. |
| 100 PIECES 3-PLY AT - - - - - | $1.00 |

ALSO A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
OIL CLOTH, MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, ETC.
**JOHN & JAMES DOBSON, 525 Washington Street,**
**BOSTON, MASS.**
☞ Samples sent by mail upon the receipt of ten cents for postage.
sep13-8t

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR**
**Gives Butter the gilt-edge color the year round.** The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Ask your druggist or merchant for it; or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.**
au30

**ALLEN & ROWELL,**
# Portrait Photographers,
**Permanent Photographic Portraits, and Pictures of Children, Specialties.**
# 25 WINTER STREET,
Over Chandler's,
# BOSTON.
☞ USE THE ELEVATOR. jo7-tf

**JOHN BINNEY & SON,**
MANUFACTURERS OF
**STREET LANTERNS,**
FOR
**Gas, Kerosene, Naptha, etc.**
PATENT SIGN LANTERNS For Street Corners, Railroad Stations, Hotels, &c. with
**Colored Glass Signs ☞ Ships' Starboard, Port and Signal Lanterns.**




**349 & 344 Atlantic Avenue,**
(Opposite Junction of Broad, High and Purchase Sts,
my17-eow13t

**GATES'**
# GARGET CURE.
**For the Cure and Prevention of Garget in Cattle.**

Teats Partially Destroyed, Restored to their Natural Condition. Kernels in Teats or Udder Removed Speedily and Surely. All Stringy Substances or bunches in Bag removed by from 1 to 2 bottles. Blood or Sediment in Milk, from 1 dose to 1 bottle.
**SOLD BY**
**JOHN B. GATES,**
**17 Harvard St.,**
**WORCESTER, MASS.**

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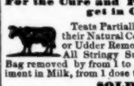

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# The Poet's Corner.

## FALLING.

The last leaves are falling
Falling and flying,
Along the dark air
The tempest is crying,
The trees are all bare.
With its voice of despair
Winter is calling
The leaves too are falling.

How fair was their budding;
Their golden unfolding;
Their verdurous gloom,
And delicate splendor,
More lovely than bloom;
With tracery tender
And emerald plume
The wide forest studding.

How bright was their dying!
What rashness of glory,
The rainbow defying,
On mountain sides lying,
In valleys reposing!

What wonderful story
Their bravery told
In scarlet and gold;
But wan with the cold
They are falling and dying.

Yet, once despairing,
A low voice is singing:
"They have their repairing;
Far down in the earth
In spring-time preparing
Her wonderful birth,
Her ever unsparing,
Reiterant mirth.
But for thee, but for thee,
Sole leaf of the tree,
All gone before thee,
What spring-time shall be?
There remaineth for all
That thou fall!"

# Ladies' Department.

## GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

[St. Nicholas for November.]

"Will it never be Thanksgiving?" said Amanda, plaintively, as she threw her dinner-basket and books in a corner and prepared to eat the supper, which she found neatly spread for her, on her return from the school-house, two long miles away.

"What possesses you to think about Thanksgiving in May?" said Jake, scornfully. "You might as well talk about Fourth of July when the pond is all frozen up and the ground covered with snow."

"So I would, if it would make me warm to think of it," said the little girl, looking out over the broad meadow land and green swales which lay between her little brown home and the black, jagged mountain ridge which had bounded the horizon of her whole life. Only one house lay between her and the mountain,—a long, low farm-house,—where dwelt her companion, Cynthia, with whom she daily walked those long two miles to school. Their ways were in the other direction, where, half hidden in a clump of trees, stood the white church, the black school-house, the store, and the five houses composing "the village." Not another human habitation was in sight, and, though there were other houses scattered here and there in solitary spots, even the thought of this scattered population did not tend to make one feel "crowded."

"It's so dull," pursued Amanda; "there's never anything to do but go to school, nor anybody to see, nor anything to hear about, except when the folks come home for Thanksgiving. I just wish we could be getting ready for it all the time."

"So we can, little daughter," said a gentle, tired voice, as the worn, faded-looking farmer's wife placed upon the table the smoking hot pork, potatoes, corn-bread and tea, which had only awaited the arrival of the little school-girl. "Every day of our lives may be made a preparation for Thanksgiving, by counting up our mercies, and thanking the Lord for them as we go along."

"Pshaw!" said Amanda, "I didn't mean that way; I meant doing something. It's always so gay and lively when you're chopping apples and making pies, and all that; but we've got to wait six whole months for that, and it's so dull."

"Suppose we begin to-day, Mandy," said the farmer, as he took his place at the table, "and you and Jake spend your spare time all summer getting ready for Thanksgiving; that is, of course, when lessons are over."

Wondering looks crossed the table, but no more was said; for the farmer was just ready to say grace, and after that the business of the hour absorbed every one's attention.

When tea was over and the farm lay in the shadow of the great mountain, while slant yellow rays of sunlight still rested on the village and further down the valley, the farmer unfolded his plan, and the first preparation for Thanksgiving was made by the children's going out into the garden-patch and in the center of a great open space dropping three squash-seeds into an open hole in the top of a little hill. It was a small beginning, but Amanda at once began to take an interest in garden-work which she had never experienced before. The next day was Saturday, and her mother called her into the barn-yard and presented her with two setting hens, a brood of downy little chickens, and a flock of young turkeys.

"These are all to be yours, daughter, as long as you feed them regularly and take care of them. All the turkeys and chickens you can raise, and all the eggs you can store, will be for Thanksgiving."

Meanwhile, Jake went with the farm hands to plant corn, and undertook to drive the cows to and from the pasture every night, and to learn to milk, that he might help to make the golden butter, which would be needed by and by, to spread Thanksgiving bread and to make the Thanksgiving pie-crust.

No one heard the children complain of dullness now, for the poultry and the cows took up a great deal of the long, light evenings, and the shouts of delight with which Amanda announced the discovery of shining white eggs, were only equaled by their joy at the sight of the little green squash-vines that in time peeped up above the dark-brown earth. Then Jake begged for another bit of land, in which to plant little purple potato-eyes; and his father promised that, if they came to anything, those potatoes and no others should be cooked for the Thanksgiving dinner. Even vegetables cannot grow without care, and potato and squash bugs had to be picked off very carefully, while in the long weeks of July drought the children carried many a tin pail of water, with which to keep moist the roots of their precious vine; and the onion-beds, parsley-beds, and beds of sage and summer savory, which were to help dress the Thanksgiving dinner, were kept by those little fingers as free from weeds as any one could desire. What delightful berrying expeditions Amanda and Jake and Cynthia had, during the hot July and August afternoons! They worked as they had never worked before, for they had an object in their picking; and when the mother showed her little daughter how to dry the huckleberries on boards covered with white paper, and how to make beautiful pots of jam of the raspberries and blackberries, she felt quite like an old housekeeper, and put away these delicacies beaming with delightful visions of the future Thanksgiving.

As the season advanced, there were apples to be gathered and packed away in barrels; or else peeled, strung on long cords, and hung up to dry. The frost opened the chestnuts, and they and the hickory-nuts afforded many an hour's busy sport for the children; and many a jolly woodland excursion was taken on Saturday, while the men cut down trees, brought them home, and cut and piled wood for the Thanksgiving fires. One grand excursion to the cranberry swamps closed the season, and on this occasion the baskets and pails, filled with bright red berries, were crowned with wreaths of ground pine, branches of hemlock, and twigs of shining holly, with which to decorate the old farm-house for the grand Puritan Christmas,—the Thanksgiving festival.

Meanwhile, the children, Amanda and Jake, happy and contented, had been growing healthy and strong from their constant work in the bracing mountain air. They had learned many secrets of nature, and of domestic and rustic art; and if thoughts had sometimes come to them of the power and love that caused the earth to bring forth in its season, sending the rain to fill, and the sunshine to ripen, the harvests, turning aside the lightning and the frost, keeping that mysterious thing called life in the animals, and crowning the year with plenty, till thankful longings arose in their hearts,—such thoughts did not pale any of the roses in their cheeks, or take away the least bit from the joy of the days. Nor did even their annoying disappointments, when young turkeys hung themselves on wood-piles, black hawks carried off downy chickens, malicious boys stole unripe crook-necks, and the like, hurt them; they thus learned to "endure hardness," and to gain the mental and moral vigor which comes from perseverance under difficulty and patience in defeat.

"I did not think it took so much time and so many things to get ready for Thanksgiving," said Amanda, as, the afternoon before the happy feast-day she stood in the store-room with her mother, taking a last look at the preparation for to-morrow's festival. There were turkeys and geese, ready dressed for roasting; sausages ready to be fried, and chickens ready to be broiled. Great loaves of white and brown bread and jars of cookies and nut-cakes already were made for the children, and sponge and jelly cake for their elders. A great plum-pudding, tied in a bag, was ready to boil, and was flanked by pork-pies, chicken-pies, apple-pies, cranberry tarts, and yellow pumpkin delicacies wherein the ripened crook-necks, garnered eggs, and grass-fed milk told of a summer's successful and faithful labor. On a shelf lay piled-up dishes of rosy and golden apples and cracked hickory-nuts, all wrinkled and appetising, ready for the coming festival.

Outside of the store-room, all was in a state of beautiful, home-like decoration. Fires blazed on every hearth, and beside them stood wood-boxes piled with logs and crackling brush, gathered by Jake's busy hands. Bedrooms had been fixed up everywhere, and snowy beds prepared in rubbish-rooms and closets, while the warm, dry loft above the wood-house, with its row of "bunks," looked, Jake said, "a good deal like camp-meeting." For all "the folks" were coming to-night, and the two great farm wagons had been fitted up with plank seats and sent down to the depot to meet them. Amanda's two elder brothers and their wives, her three sisters and their husbands, the unmarried teacher sister, even Aunt Sophonia and Uncle Bill, and all the crowd of grandchildren who lived ever so far away, traveled night and day to be at home; for on that one day, at least, of all the long year, the old brown farm-house should hold its own united family.

"So many things," said Amanda, as she closed the door; "besides all that we have done, there's sugar and raisins and spice and flour; and the things to put them in, and the things to cook with—oh dear, I can't think how many!"

"Yes," said her father, who just then entered, bright with expectation; "long before you or I were born, and ever since, God has been busy getting ready for our Thanksgiving. He put the coal down in the earth; He set the trees growing; He prepared the seeds, and made ready the soil, and blessed the labors of the husbandman. He built the homestead and sent the children. Yes, wife, He has watched and cared for each one as it grew up, and so arranged its life that, of the band who comes to us to-day, not one but is an honor and cause for thanksgiving."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife, heartily, "and I want my little girl here to learn that not by fits and starts of feeling, but by steady perseverance in appointed tasks all through life; by gentle words and loving thoughts, by kindly and care-taking deeds, we must be storing up the good things, just as she has done this summer."

"It's all 'getting ready' I suppose," said Amanda, thoughtfully, at the same time breaking the least little teensy bit from the edge of the fruit-cake and nibbling it with great complacency.

# THE MYSTIFIED MARINER.

In the village of Breezier, on the sea coast, lived old Daniel Deepsey, a retired mariner, commonly called by his intimates, "Captain Dan." He was irascible, dogmatic, and inclined to be despotic. The "Typhoon Tavern," a popular place of resort, was his, and he kept it. He was also the owner of three valuable ponies, thoroughbreds, which were named respectively, "Sazarac," "Martel," and "Old Queu."

One morning in midsummer, the ponies were missing from the pasture, at the back of the tavern, and could not be found. A reward of three hundred dollars—one hundred each—was offered for the recovery of the "lost, stolen or strayed" animals. Captain Dan thought that his ponies had been stolen and he vowed vengeance against the stealers, "who of course would be caught," he said.

Several weeks after this deplorable event, while Deepsey was dealing out a drink at his tavern bar to a customer, he overheard portions of a conversation between Sam Todd and Tom Waterman—both topers of long standing. Todd was boasting of the neat way in which a "certain person" had got hold of some of old Deepsey's cherished "stock."

"My stock? Ah, ah! Guess I'm in the wake of my ponies now, the little beauties!" he said to himself

Presently Sam Todd shambled out of the inn, having waited in vain for some one to treat him to the drink he thirsted after, and for which he had no money to pay. Then Deepsey called Waterman up to the bar.

"Have something, Tom?"

"Don't care if I do," replied the astonished toper. It's not often that I take anything, but when I do drink, 'tis about this time of day."

"All right; what shall it be? Give it a name."

"Old Jamaica; just a drop or two," replied Waterman, who thereupon poured out and swallowed "a regular four finger nip" of the potent spirits, as Captain Dan afterward said. Tom was facetious, you see, and enjoyed a joke almost as much as he loved a jorum.

"What was it, Waterman, that Sam Todd was saying to you about my stock?" queried the captain, in a low tone.

"Oh, he was blowing about some ponies that he picked up some time ago," replied Tom, with a horse laugh.

"Softly, softly, my boy," rejoined Deepsey, confidentially. "Did he tell you who took them?"

"Why, Todd did, to be sure."

"Ah! Perhaps we are on the right track now. There's a reward of a hundred dollars apiece for the recovery of my lost ponies, you know, Tom."

"Jerusalem! that's so. Let's you and I put our noddles together, Cap. and plan out something. Two heads are better than one, even if one is an old hat block. I'll take a little more Jamaica."

The next day Sam Todd was arrested on a charge of horse stealing, preferred by Daniel Deepsey, and forthwith locked up in the almost empty village "Jug"—the jug naturally fetches up topers, you know.

Waterman received ten dollars as a sort of retaining or witness, and was allowed to take drinks *ad libitum*, besides. How the old joker chuckled as he sat over a bottle of Jamaica in his own shanty that night!

"They'll be costly ponies to somebody, I reckon," he says to himself. "But, ah, ph! that's the fun of it. Let the ball go on!"

The day of trial arrived.

Samuel Todd was accused of stealing three bay ponies belonging to Daniel Deepsey.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty."

Captain Dan was his own counsel. In his opening speech the old "sea lawyer" presented a very strong case, and many of the listeners judged poor Todd to be guilty before a word of testimony was taken.

Thomas Waterman was called.

"Mr. Waterman, the accused told you that he had taken some ponies belonging to me, did he not?"

"Yes, sir; said he took three, not long ago."

"Did he describe them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of what color were they?"

"Dark-colored, he said."

"Dark bay?"

"Different shades of bay, sir."

"Ah, yes! And he said they were spirited?"

"Yes, indeed—full of spirits, good old stock."

"And he even mentioned the names of these spirited specimens of good old stock?"

"He called them——"

"Sazarac," 'Martel' and 'Old Queu,' interjected the ex-mariner.

"Yes, sir."

"So far, so good," continued Deepsey, rubbing his hands. "The case seems very clear. A few more questions, Mr. Waterman. How did Todd get at the ponies? In what way?"

"By way of the bar."

"By the bars, eh? And how did he get away with the booty?"

"The same way he came, over the bar."

"Leaped the bars? Ah, my ponies were always full of vim! But how did Todd dispose of them finally?"

"Put them into a secluded enclosure," he said.

"And where are they now?"

"Couldn't say, Captain Dan."

"This is all, then, that you know about the nefarious proceeding?"

"That is all."

"Well, Waterman, do you believe the ponies were my property?"

"Quite sure of that, sir."

"Let me recapitulate," continued Deepsey, to the Court. "It is proven, by this competent witness, that the accused, Samuel Todd, did take steal, etc., three ponies, of good old stock, Sazarac, Martel, and Old Queu, bay-colored, spirited, strong, fast, etc., belonging to me, Daniel Deepsey. Does the Court agree with me?"

The Court seemed to think that thus far the case was clearly against the accused.

"There is no need of further testimony for the prosecution, as the ponies taken by Todd were unquestionably the animals aforesaid," rejoined Deepsey.

"Animals!" exclaimed Waterman. "Sam didn't say a word about animals to me."

"What!" thundered Captain Dan, "what have you been talking about? Ponies are animals, I should judge."

"The ponies that Sam took were not," replied Waterman, gravely.

"Did not Todd say, and did you not testify, that he took—stole—my young thoroughbreds, Sazerac, Martel and Old Queu?"

"Bless your heart, no! That's more than Sam could possibly do. He never was big enough to hold them."

"If the old stock ponies taken by Sam Todd were not animals, what the blank dash were they?" roared Deepsey.

Waterman chuckled, the prisoner grinned, Captain Dan fretted, the Court took a quid of fine-cut tobacco, the spectators pricked up their ears.

"The Sazerac, Martel, and Old Queu ponies taken by Todd did belong to you, Captain Deepsey; but they weren't quadrupeds, not by no means," replied the ready witness.

"Blister your tiresome tongue, Tom Waterman!" shouted Deepsey, tempestuously; "will you tell me exactly what Sam Todd did take?"

"Well, sir, to come to the point, he took Martel, Sazerac and Old Queu *brandy*—some of your best old stock—in *pony* glasses which you had left on the further corner of the bar counter and forgotten!"

The case collapsed, the audience roared with laughter, and the court adjourned.

Shortly afterwards Captain Dan's quadrupal ponies, which had strayed away, came back in good condition; but the mystified mariner will not soon hear the last of "Sazerac," "Martel" and "Old Queu."—*Selected.*

# THE CIDER MILL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies.
The mountains clasp it warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.
Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.
Its meadows are the greenest ever seen,
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;
Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.
I love, oh, better than words can tell,
Its every nook and grove and dell;
But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider mill.
Above the clear springs gurgle out
And the upper meadows wind about,
Then join, and under willows flow
'Round knolls where blue beach whip-stocks grow,
To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak tree clasped in its crystal deeps.
Sheer twenty feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,
Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And, laughing, dies in the shade away,
Under great rocks, through trout pools still,
With many a tumble down to the mill
All the way down the nut trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.
Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the fall through the hazy air;
And burrs roll down with curled-up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.
Forever there the still old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.
By the roadside stands the cider mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;
A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;
And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;
And heaps of pomace, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.
The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor;
Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider press below.
And the screws are turned by slow degrees,
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;
And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam,
An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip;
But wherefore gods? Those idle toys
Were soulless to real New England boys.
What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt,
As throb electric along a straw
When the boyish lips the cider draw?
The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discords life's sweets music drowns;
But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;
And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;
And I list at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;
And I sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider mill.

# The Jewess of Roudnia.

We were travelling through Poland in great haste; the pressure of urgent business was hurrying us on; and, moreover, that almost flat, marshy and unhealthy country which lies between Minsk and the Gulf of Bothnia offers no fascinations to delay the traveller. Villages and hamlets followed each other along the interminable road that were almost similar in aspect, and differed only in the quantity of their houses and cabins and in the number or importance of their churches. We confess, to our great shame, that the sight of the post stations alone gave us a feeling of joy, in which the picturesque side of things had no part. But it is only necessary that we should be in a hurry, for a thousand disagreeable accidents entangle themselves in each other. If we thought over it much it would be realized that such accidents always happen, even when we take our own time and travel at our ease. But then no one pays any attention to them.

On this occasion, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every alternate relay there were no post-horses to be found, and we were obliged to wait sometimes half a day for them, which will explain the small importance of the cross-road we had taken. By the greatest good luck we had made quite a long stage in our journey without any impediment.

"Some frightful catastrophe is going to happen to us," said I, laughingly, to my travelling companion, "or else destiny will not be satisfied with its day."

I had scarcely finished my sentence when the postilion, turning half round on his seat, pointed out to us with the end of his whip the small hamlet we were approaching.

A rose-colored light, in truth, was apparent, very near, in the lower part of the sky, whose delicate blue—that forgot-me-not blue which is peculiar to northern countries—was darkened by the falling night. The somewhat irregular outline of the hamlet was thrown out against the fire, from which escaped great whirlwinds of smoke, and the thin cupola of the Russian church reflected the flames like a dim mirror.

"What is the name of that hamlet?" I asked the postilion, who had just given his horse a hard cut with his whip.

"Roudnia!" said he. "It is the town of Roudnia."

To all Russian and Polish peasants all houses make a town, provided they are grouped around a church. Now, Roudnia possessed two churches, one of which was a Catholic one.

The horses, which were pushed ahead vigorously, gained the large pole, painted in white, red and black colors, which at that time marked the boundaries of all towns, and a functionary in a greasy uniform came to receive the obligatory toll money. He cried out something that was unintelligible, and the pole, which was placed obliquely across the road, rose obliquely toward the sky. This kind of toll-gate, which is very primitive, still exists on many State roads, although the Russian Government has bought up the toll-gates which encumbered its great highways. Our postilion hurried on his horses, who asked nothing better than to reach their stable, and we passed at galloping speed through two or three very dirty and abominably-paved streets. A tumultuous crowd was hastening in the same direction, toward the place where the fire was burning, and we nearly ran over half a dozen Jews who were running, holding up their long coats and uttering exclamations of distress.

"It is a Jew's house that is on fire," said our postillion to us, without ceasing to urge on his horses.

"How do you know that?" asked my companion.

"It smells like grease!" replied the fellow, laughing with all his might.

The *calecha* turned suddenly round the corner, at the great risk of upsetting, and stopped in front of the post station. It was the wooden house of a Jewish butcher that was on fire, opposite to us on the square, the co-religionists of the poor devil were removing his furniture out of the front windows; the fire had caught in the rear of the house. The facade was still quite black, but that deep black which precedes combustion. Some puffs of blue smoke filtered here and there through the roof, presaging the general conflagration which evidently would soon take place.

While my companion was busy seeing that fresh horses were given to us and having our travelling permits signed, I remained on the steps of the post-station, that were raised a few feet above the level of the square, and which over-looked the whole scene.

A fire is not a rare occurence in Poland, but when a Jew's house is burning the Jews alone run to give help and exert themselves, while the Catholics watch motionless—perhaps not without a certain satisfaction—the "ill-gotten" goods of the sons of Abraham perish. This inhumanity can be explained, if it cannot be excused, by the Israelite's rapacity, who, on account of their commercial ability, hold in their hands the greater portion of these unfortunate people's incomes, who are generally very poor, and made still poorer by the system of usury which is largely practiced in that country.

The butchers' wife and children, who were in the centre of the square, were rending the air with their shrill cries; some dogs were barking; our unharnessed horses were shaking their bell-covered collars, while the stablemen were attaching a lot of other bells to the harness of the horses who were to replace them. All this made an inexpressible noise, principally in sharp notes. I stopped my ears with my fingers.

Suddenly I saw the Jews who were removing the furniture rush with a precipitation out of the windows, as well as out of the doors. A cloud of white smoke filled the room they had just left, while a red blaze shone through its further extremity; the inside partition was in flames. A relative silence fell suddenly on all. This moment had always something solemn in it.

"How well it burns!" tranquilly said a tall Cossack soldier at my side, clad in his gray *capote*. I looked at him. He was calmly smoking a small, short cherry-wood pipe, and swinging his arms. He looked at the fire with undisguised satisfaction, but his unsteady eyes proved that he had taken several glasses of brandy too much.

"Misfortune! misfortune!" cried the butcher's voice. He was in the middle of the square, and looked with frightened eye at his lamenting family. He pulled out his hair, and his frizzed curls fluttered in the wind from the impetuosity of his movements.

"Misfortune!" repeated all the Jews in chorus.

"I have forgotten my old mother!" cried the unlucky fellow. A burst of laughter answered him from the Poles.

"I thought she was with you," said he to his wife, who had started up horrified, with her child in her arms.

"Where is she?" they all shouted to him.

With a gesture of despair he pointed to the house, and covered his head with the tail of his coat. They stopped laughing, Jewess as she was, she was a woman.

"She is in her room on the left," said he. "The fire has not reached her there yet. Save her, my friends," he added, in a voice of anguish.

His friends who had helped him till then, looked at the flames, then questioned each other with gestures and remained silent.

"Go there yourself!" cried an urchin in the crowd.

"I will give the half of my property to him who will save her!" cried the butcher, wringing his hands. "The half, yes the half," he repeated with earnestness. "Save the poor old woman, my friends, my good lords!"

He was now addressing the Poles. No one moved. The tall Cossack, my neighbor, made a motion, then hesitated, and at length went and stood before the butcher, not without staggering a little.

"No nonsense!" he said, with his pipe still in his mouth. "What will you give me to go there?"

He pointed to the house, which was now almost entirely covered with flames.

"Five silver roubles, my friend; five roubles! By the living God, five roubles!"

"It is not much," said the Cossack. "Well, we have no time for bargaining. You hear, all of you," cried he in a loud voice, "he said five roubles!"

A murmur of assent ran through the crowd.

"But you must bring her back," said the Jew, clinging to the soldier's sleeve, "or else nothing is done!"

"Fool!" muttered the Cossack, "it is not for my pleasure that I am going to walk in there! Where is she, your old mother?"

"On the bed, in the room on the left, in the corner."

"Good," the Russian grumbled, then, "With God's help!" he shouted in a resounding voice; and he jumped with a bound on the steps. All the population of Roudnia held its breath. He made the sign of the cross and disappeared in the flames.

"Your horses are ready," said the postilion to me, climbing to his seat.

"Wait," I replied, in a low voice. My friend had refound me, and was watching, as we all were, for the end of the drama.

The Cossack reappeared with his face burning red, carrying in his arms the old Jewess, who had half fainted away. He had not left his pipe. An exclamation of triumph saluted him.

"There she is, your old woman," said he to the Jew.

At this moment the entire house took fire with a sort of detonation, but it interested no one any longer; all eyes were fixed on the Cossack.

"Come," said he, "pay me!"

"What?" stammered the Jew, "so soon? Wait till I have placed my family in safety."

"No nonsense!" growled the threatening Cossack (this was his favorite word, apparently); "pay me immediately, or else——"

Through a habit of fear, the butcher held his hand before his face; but the Cossack was not thinking of striking him; he fixed his eyes upon him, which were growing full of rage. Blinded by his avarice, the Jew paid no attention to it; he drew, with trouble, a greasy portfolio out of his breast, and opened it moaning, searched in it several times, and took out it at length a small piece of paper, which he presented to the Cossack. The roof fell in with a shower of sparks that scattered as far as the place where we were standing. It was as light as in full mid-day on the square.

"A rouble!" cried the Cossack—he flung his pipe far away—"a rouble for having risked my life! A rouble! Ah! the dog! I would rather return there for nothing!" He seized the unfortunate old woman in his arms, and, before any one could divine his intention, he rushed toward the house. The steps were not yet on fire; he bounded on them with his burden and threw it into the flames. Then, turning toward the cro

"A rouble! Thief, hog! go and get your mother for nothing now!"

The horrified crowd stood silent. I jumped into the *caleche* and my friend after me.

"Drive on! Gallop!" said I to the postillion.

I felt myself incapable of witnessing anything more. Just as the *caleche* started a portion of the facade fell forward, separating the soldier from the square. His tall figure was thrown out darkly against the incandescent background. He wished to leap over the burning flames; but just as he was preparing to jump a beam struck him on the head and he fell.

"Make haste! make haste!" I cried to the postillion, hitting him hard on his back to urge him on.

He put his horses at galloping speed; the crowd drew aside mechanically, and we were soon driving in the open country.

We could not sleep for a week after.—*Selected.*

# TROUTING.

BY JAMES H. HOADLEY.

Gently!
He is wary.
Always looking out.
"Slowly!
Or you'll lose your trout."

"Slyly!"
Cast your fly
Above that eddy.
"Quickly!
You'll have him! Steady!"

Safely
Into the net
At last he has come.
Jolly!
O'er the meadows home.

## HE HAD NO NEED OF IT.

A politician who had been on terms of intimacy with actors and artists is suddenly elevated to an important official position. One of his friends, a distinguished actor, goes to call on him, and entering the office, says genially, "Hullo, old fel, how's—?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the official, in a glacial manner; "I am occupied for a moment. Be so good as to take a seat."

The actor sits down in surprise in a chair, and presently his friend says: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Why, don't you know me? I'm—"

"I do not precisely follow you," says the official. "You have come to ——?"

"I came, sir," says the actor, in a terrible voice, and jamming his hat down on his head—"I came, sir, to give you some hints as to deportment now that you are a public official, but by the nine gods you don't need any. Good morning, sir!"

# Sketches of Travel.

## NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER XXXIX.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass Ploughman.

SCOTLAND—CONTINUED.

EDINBURG.

We have in the article preceding, said something in regard to some parts of this famed city, and now will make a brief statement in regard to the

HISTORY

of the place. So far as information extends, the name was given to it by Edwin, king of Northumbria, about A. D. 449, and for more than 400 years afterwards it remained little letter than a village of mud and faggot houses, collected on castle hill. In 854, or more than a thousand years ago, Simon of Durham speaks of it as a village of importance. In the beginning of the 13th century Alexander II. held a Parliament here and this fact gave the place so much importance that in the reign of David II. it was the chief place of Scotland. In 1384, Troissart a French historian, visited it, and speaks of it as "the Paris of Scotland." The assassination of James I. (of Scotland) at Perth in 1536, led to its being selected as the capital of the kingdom. James II. caused it to be walled in. The place now has a population of 196,600, and may be considered as one of the most beautiful cities of the world. It is comprised of two very distinct parts, the *old*, and the *new*, and these are separated a half mile or more, by quite a deep ravine, which, however, is under the highest state of cultivation, and used as a park. As one stands at a central point on the elegant broad thoroughfare of the new portion, in front of him is the ravine-like park, and beyond this the "*old city*" with its dark colored and quaint buildings of many stories in height, at times full ten or more, pierced with many windows, innumerable gables presenting themselves to view; stories often jutting out over each other, and the mass of buildings very compact, and rising up in the rear of each other, conforming to the elevation of the land. To the extreme right on that side is the castle at a very high rocky elevation, and is a befitting termination to the great aggregation of sombre looking houses before named. As the castle is an object of great interest, we shall in our next article pay particular attention to it. At the extreme left of the old city, and terminating it, are the lofty elevations known as the *Salisbury Crags* and *Arthur's Seat*, as spoken of in our last. These seem to be veritable mountains, and their fine blue haze adds a charm no where else ever seen so near a city of the kingdom of Great Britain. This entire group of mountain, ancient solidly built quaint city, and castle, presents a landscape of remarkable interest, and is charming in the extreme. At the lower end, and in front of the crags the land is level, and the entire ground is built over around to the left, and meeting with *Calton Hill* a grand eminence of which we will speak hereafter. At the upper end a like condition exists, and thus the old part of the city and the new one is well connected. This part last named is covered with buildings and grand avenues of importance. Among the former are elegant classic structures of Grecian architecture for museums, art galleries, etc. This grand thoroughfare on which we stand, is really one of the finest in the world. It is very wide and level, and has for its extreme length, on the side opposite the park and so facing the old city, very fine stores, hotels, mansion houses, etc, and at its centre, but near the park fence, is the remarkable monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, of which we will also speak hereafter.

The entire new part, extending back from this great thoroughfare, is laid out into wide and well paved streets, and the buildings are of the most substantial character. Many of them are of very good classic architecture; all are of stone of a brownish drab color, and while there is an absence of anything like a modern look, certainly of the light effect, in both color and design, of the buildings of Paris, yet there is an air of comfort, finish, and substantial element that well compensates for the elements named, and speaks distinctly of those traits of character for which the reliable and thinking Scotch people are celebrated. The world furnishes no better counterpart to Paris than is Edinburg. It should have been named, that the principal street referred to, is called Princes' Street. The valley, now the park, was for centuries a lake, and it was drained in 1788, and afterwards finished off into gardens as named. The new city was built, or rather begun in 1767, for the foundation of the first house here, was laid Oct. 26, 1767, just 102 years ago, and by Mr. Craig, who was also general architect or engineer of the new town. He was nephew of Thomson the poet, author of "The Seasons." From that time to the present, the city has been extending in all directions. No city has a larger number of places of unusual interest. We can, however, name but few out of the many, and when our task is finished shall leave untouched a much larger number than we can so much as name, for Edinburg is not only a place of deposit for objects of great interest, but the entire city is as a whole, a museum of itself. We will next speak in detail of one of the noted pleasure grounds, viz.:

CALTON HILL.

This is a fine, smooth elevation, terminating the lower end of the new town. There is a grand road around it, and winding to the top, which partakes largely of the nature of pasture land, and from which the most comprehensive view of Edinburg is to be had, as well as an extensive view of the country outside. From this eminence is seen the Frith of Forth, an arm of the sea but two miles away; the fine island of Inchkeith nestles coaily in it, and the grand long pier of Leith, a city of 56,000 inhabitants, stretches itself out into its waters. Beyond, are the Lomond hills, and the grand and imposing Orchil hills make the background, and in a clear day the majestic forms of Ben Lomond and Ben Lodi loom up. The city extends well up around the base of Calton hill. At one part of the grounds is a grand amphitheatre-like formation, interesting as the place given to the citizens by James II., as an arena for tournaments; the sides are called Caltoun Craigs and Greenside. According to the marvelous-loving Pennant, it was here that the Earl of Bothwell made his first impression on Queen Mary, by a daring feat of galloping his horse down the precipitous face of the hill. The most prominent objects are

NELSON'S MONUMENT

and the National Monument. The former, is on a rock elevation, 350 feet up from the sea. It is composed of a structure of square form, with embattled bastions at the corners, the whole of castellated design, and from the centre, rises a round tower, crowned by a grand section or lantern, circular, but of less diameter, the whole 100 feet high. From the top of all is a flagstaff, from which a large ball drops at exactly one o'clock, Greenwich time, moved by mechanism in the Royal observatory. The time gun is fired from the castle at the same moment, so that all within seeing or hearing distance is apprised of the hour. The

NATIONAL MONUMENT

was begun in 1816, and the proposal was to erect a structure in exact imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, as a memorial of soldiers who fell at Waterloo. Thirty thousand dollars were subscribed at the first public meeting. An attempt was made to place the affair under patronage of George IV., which being forced, the interest declined. The foundation was laid in 1822, and remained thus till 1824,—when with $67,500 on hand, work was begun, when all was expended, New York city Court House like, in the erection of white marble, the three colossal steps, and the ten columns in front, with the two flanking ones on each side, together with the architrave or horizontal stones upon them. To this day all remains in this condition. The general sentiment seems to be, that this much standing, mute and interesting in its solitary grandeur, is a more befitting structure than a complete building. There are also monuments to Dugald Stewart, the distinguished Professor of Mathematics and afterwards of Moral Philosophy in Edinburg University, and another to John Playfair, also a Professor of Mathematics, and well known the civilized world over.

BURNS' MONUMENT.

At the base of the hill is the monument to Robert Burns. This is a stone structure some 40 feet square, surmounted by a circular section surrounded by Corinthian columns, on which is a pedestal, crowned by a low dome and terminated by four griffins, etc. For a small admission fee we entered, and were charmed by the things exposed to view, all of them once property of the Scottish Bard. It is useless here to attempt to name each, but many of them were linked with a melancholly interest to a brother poet, whose life that of Keat's "was writ in water." We next name

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

This is doubtless the finest monument in the world. It is built of brown sandstone, of exceedingly elaborate Gothic architecture, and is 200 feet high. It was erected in 1844, at an expense of $80,500, from a competitive design furnished by George Meikle Kemp, a young self taught architect of great promise, but who died before the monument's completion, he having been drowned in the Union Canal, when going home on a dark night. Beneath the centre or great open Gothic rotunda, with its groined arches, there is a colossal marble statue of Sir Walter in a sitting posture, by John Steell. Many of the niches about on the monument's exterior are occupied by statues of the more remarkable and familiar characters in Scott's poems and novels. At the centre of the base, is a room in which are some fine relics of the great bard, and up near the top at this great height of 175 feet from the ground is a gallery around on the outside of the monument, from which remarkably fine views of the entire city, old and new may be had. As one from this elevation looks down on the busy mass below; when the streets and grand avenues as a vast animated map spread out beneath him; hills, ravine, park; many monuments and statues; princely edifices, covering this great city's expanse; as the busy hum of this large life comes up to him, he for the time loses sight of "the good time coming," and is satisfied with the good enough one that has come. We now speak of that world renowned edifice

HOLYROOD PALACE.

This is situated on the level ground between Calton Hill and Salisbury Crags; the portion connecting the old and new parts of the city. The edifice is built of a brown sandstone, and is ninety-four feet square with round towers at the four corners, each terminated as the entire building is, by a battlement, inside of which on the towers, are low round sections crowned by conical roofs. The palace is open to visitors for which a small admittance fee is charged. The only portion of the edifice which is of great antiquity is the north-west tower in which are the original Queen Mary's apartments, erected by James V. who died 1542. Long ago abandoned as a place of royal residence, it now, when used at all, is occupied by the rooms of the Presbyterian church,—or the established church of Scotland,—at the time of their annual convocation, which lasts about two weeks. Here are held their sessions, and the ministers are entertained during their stay. How passing strange! The home for centuries of kings and queens, distinguished for hostility to anything but a religion marked by parade and ceremonials, now used as the house of convocation, by the extreme of all unceremonialists and dissenters! At all other times the palace is open as usual to visitors. Much of it is practically vacant, but there are parts of remarkable interest. We go first into the

PICTURE GALLERY,

which is the old palace banqueting hall. It was in this room that Charles I, when but a Prince held grand levees and balls. The room is 150 feet long and 27 wide, elegantly finished in oak. Here are pictures of 106 Scottish Sovereigns who lived from the time of Fergus, 330 years before Christ, up to the time of James VII. These are of course but fancy portraits, and painted mostly by order of Charles II, flattering the vanity of the pleasure seeking king. Their merits are delicately hinted at in the wonderment of Christopher Croftangier, that each and all of the Scottish kings should have "a nose like the knocker of a door." There are some of the paintings more recently added that are genuine, and of much interest. There are rooms in the palace as they were centuries ago, among these is

LORD DARNLEY'S CHAMBER

on the same floor. Here are many relics of Queen Mary, and a portrait of Darnley when a youth. From this room is the private staircase by which Rizzio's assassins ascended to Mary's apartments above. The murder of Rizzio is one conspicuous in the annals of Scotland, and as this place was the one of its execution, it may be well to note a few of the incidents.

HENRY STUART DARNLEY

was the second husband of Mary, Queen of Scotts. When it became known that the queen proposed to marry again, Darnley, who was possessed of a very handsome person and accomplished in many of the fine arts of the day, proceeded to Scotland, urged the suit, and was accepted. The marriage took place in the chapel of Holyrood, adjoining the palace, July 29, 1565. "He was," says Randolph, "conceited, arrogant, and an intolerable fool." He was overbearing, and towards